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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ON the evening of the seventeenth of May, 1870, there were assembled in the largest public hall of New York, representatives of all that is most intellectual and honorable in the society of the great city, to listen to a discourse on the "Life, Character and Writings of Gulian C. Verplanck," one of New York's most distinguished citizens, to whom the words of the old poet may most fitly be applied:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropped no
sooner;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore
years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
'Till, like a clock worn out in eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

The eloquent speaker was one who for half a century was well acquainted with Verplanck, and was allied to him closely in years, in literary distinction, and in the charms of a spotless life. The select and attentive audience hung on each word uttered by the gifted and poetic orator, standing so erect, enunciating with such firmness and modesty, with his slight and lithe

figure, his snow-white hair and beard, his keen yet gentle eye. In the words of General Dix, who presented the speaker to the distinguished assemblage, "He needs no introduction, and if I were called upon in any community I know no means by which he could be better made known than by the simple announcement of his name —William Cullen Bryant.

No name in our contemporaneous literature, either in England or in America, is crowned with more successful honors than that of William Cullen Bryant. Born at a period when our colonial literature, like our people, was but recently under the dominion of Great Britain, he has lived to see that literature expand from its infancy and take a proud place in the republic of letters—and survived to see the Republic itself, starting from its revolutionary birth, spring up to a giant power, after passing triumphantly through a giant rebellion. Surrounded by such historical and heroic associations, men who survive them embody in their lives the annals of a people, and represent in their individuality the history of a nation.

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What Macaulay said of Charles, Earl Grey, alluding to his having survived all the great statesmen contemporaneous with him, might with equal propriety be applied to Bryant and his contemporaries—"He is the sole surviving link of an age which has passed away." Bryant saw Fenimore Cooper, in the full glory of his literary renown, lead the host of illustrious names in our national literature, and then followed in succession to an honored tomb by Washington Irving, William H. Prescott, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Gulian C. Verplanck. The orator on the occasion of the funeral honors paid to the pioneer of American novelists, Mr. Bryant, was associated in the performance of those sad rites with the renowned Daniel Webster; and the hall which had resounded with applause to the oriental eloquence of Louis Kossuth, and to the ecstatic melodies of Jenny Lind, re-echoed the brilliant poetic periods of Bryant in commemoration of his illustrious contemporary and friend, Fenimore Cooper.

Pursuing beyond the age of seventy-six an active literary career, the poet has been a co-laborer in all worthy movements to promote the advancement of the arts and literature. A liberal patron of art himself, he has always been the generous and eloquent advocate of the claims of artists. Mr. Bryant, on its completion, a few years ago, delivered the address inaugurating the beautiful temple to art of the New York National Academy of Design. Foremost in the literary circles of his adopted city, he is President of the Century Club—a time-honored institution of New York, numbering among the poet's predecessors Gulian C. Verplanck and George Bancroft, and embracing among its members men of letters, eminent artists, and leading gentlemen of the liberal professions. Philanthropic in his nature, Mr. Bryant has been the consistent promoter of all objects

having for their tendency the elevation of the race and the furtherance of the interests of humanity. Connected with one of the leading metropolitan journals, and one of the oldest in the United States, he is enabled to bring the powerful influence of the press to bear with his own personal influence and literary renown upon whatever measure he supports in the cause of philanthropy, letters, and the promotion of the arts.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794. His father was a well-known physician, who enjoyed an excellent reputation for literary tastes and cultivation, and who encouraged and guided his son in his early aspirations and studies. The son commemorated the teachings and trainings of the father in a poem entitled the "Hymn to Death," published in 1825, and which has been often quoted for its beauty and pathos. The warmth and affection of his fraternal was equally manifested with that of his filial nature, in a beautiful and touching poetic tribute which he made to the memory of a sister who died in 1824.

Bryant surpassed Tasso, Cowley, Pope and Byron in his early poetical development. At the age of nine we find him composing clever verses, and four years later writing "The Embargo," a political as well as a poetical satire upon the Jeffersonian party of that day. No other work so long and so well sustained was ever written by a boy of thirteen. The poem is also remarkable as having manifested a political order of mind, at that early age, which, with his poetical nature, has developed in an equal ratio with his advancement in life. That political mind, indeed, taking a higher range, has not been active in the turmoils and schemes of politicians—for Bryant's mind is not of the order out of which to make a scheming politician,—but it has investigated great questions of a higher political

economy, and grappled with principles of great pith and moment to society and humanity.

"The Embargo" we could easily imagine had been written in 1870 instead of sixty-three years since, when, our fathers tell us, demagogism was unknown:

"E'en while I sing, see faction urge her claim,
Mistaken with falsehood and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride!
She blows her brazen trumpet, and at the sound
A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings!
Oh, might some patriot rise, the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish—for hark the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed!
Enter and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While in their midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands,
To adulation tones his servile throat
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote."

In the year 1808 there was published in Boston, "for the author," a small volume containing "The Embargo." The *brochure* attracted considerable attention, and the edition was quickly sold. To the second edition, to which was added "The Spanish Revolution" and several neat translations, is prefixed this curious advertisement:

"A doubt having been intimated in the 'Monthly Anthology' of June last whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem, in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony; they would prefer that he should be judged by his works without favor or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it; after which they leave him a candidate for favor in common with other literary adventurers. They therefore assure the public that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.

"February, 1809."

Entering Williams College at the

age of fifteen, the young poet applied himself to academic studies, and made that progress which we might infer from his aptitude for knowledge and precocity of mind. Leaving this institution, he began the study of the law; and after its completion he practised for a year at Plainfield, when he removed to Great Barrington. In 1816, "Thanatopsis"—a poem which he has not since surpassed, and of which Christopher North said it was alone sufficient "to establish the author's claim to the honors of genius,"—appeared in the "North American Review." It was written by Mr. Bryant in his eighteenth year, and created a marked sensation at the time. It was also the means of making him known to a brother poet, Richard H. Dana. The author of the "Buccaneer" was then a member of the club which conducted the "Review," and received two manuscript poems—"Thanatopsis," and the "Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood." The former was understood to have been written by Dr. Bryant, and the latter by his son. When Dana learned the name, and that the author of "Thanatopsis" was a member of the State Legislature, he proceeded to the Senate room to observe the new poet. He saw there a man of dark complexion, with iron-gray hair, thick eyebrows, well developed forehead, with an intellectual expression in which he failed to discover the poetic faculty. He went away puzzled and mortified at his lack of discernment. When Bryant, in 1821, delivered before the Beta Kappa at Harvard his didactic poem entitled "The Ages"—a comprehensive poetical essay, reviewing the world's progress in a panoramic view of the ages, and glowing with a prophetic vision of the future of America—Dana alluded in complimentary terms to Dr. Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and then learned for the first time that the son was the author of both poems.

It is related that when the father

showed a copy of "Thanatopsis" in manuscript to a lady well qualified to judge of such things, simply saying, "Here are some lines that our Willie has been writing." The lady read the poem, raised her eyes to the father's face, and burst into tears, in which that father, a somewhat stern and silent man, was not ashamed to join. "And no wonder," continues the writer, "it must have seemed a mystery, as well as a joy, that in a quiet country life, in the bosom of eighteen, had grown up thoughts that even in boyhood shaped themselves into solemn harmonies, majestic as the diapason of ocean, fit for a temple-service beneath the vault of heaven."

In the year 1824 Mr. Bryant's beautiful and picturesque poem, the "Faust Hymn," together with "The Old Man's Funeral," "The Murdered Traveler," "March," and other poetical compositions, appeared in the "United States Literary Gazette," a weekly magazine published in Boston. Abandoning the law, in 1825, for the more congenial pursuits of literature, he removed to that Mecca of *litterateurs*, the city of New York. The pilgrim tribe who follow the poetic prophet's vision to that temple do not always receive the crown, though as devout in its pursuit as ever martyr to the Cross; but fall down by the wayside—or else, like the snow-buried youth of the familiar poem, die early, with the banner of hope grasped in that ice-bound hand. The star which guided the poetical destiny of Bryant held in its rays no such malignant fire, but led him on, from aspiring youth to venerable age, in one unbroken path of prosperous life.

Establishing himself as a literary man in New York, he entered upon the editorship of a monthly periodical called the "New York Review and Athenæum Magazine." In 1826 this publication was merged in the "United States Review and Literary Gazette," which continued under his editorial charge. A number of Mr. Bryant's

most popular poems were published in these periodicals, as also many of his prose contributions upon art and a variety of kindred subjects. Besides the fame of Bryant, these magazines are remembered as having been associated with the poetic youth of Halleck, Sands, and Richard H. Dana. In addition to these periodicals, Mr. Bryant was a contributor to the "North American Review," in which, as we have before mentioned, he first gave to the world his renowned poem of "Thanatopsis."

It was chiefly through the influence of Henry D. Sedgwick's persuasions that Mr. Bryant was induced to abandon the uncongenial pursuit of a country lawyer; and it was through the same gentleman's means that he, during the year 1826, first became connected with the New York "Evening Post." Mr. Sedgwick—we may remark *en passant*—who was among the first to appreciate the genius of Bryant, was a brother of Catharine M. Sedgwick, and at the time of his death, in 1831, was considered one of the most promising lawyers and political writers in the land. To the "Evening Post" Mr. Bryant brought a varied experience of literary taste and learning, and even at that early day, a literary reputation. Fitz-Greene Halleck, at the period of which we are writing, rendered in the "Recorder" a richly deserved compliment to his brother bard when he wrote:

"Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart—its teachers and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness,
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River,
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever."

Continuing with the "Evening Post" to the present time, Mr. Bryant has steadily advanced this old

established journal, until it now holds a leading position in the front ranks of journalistic literature and influence of the metropolis and country. Though actively connected with a daily paper, Mr. Bryant, like all men of regularly ordered mind and application, has found time to devote to other literary pursuits. In his early connection with the "Post" he contributed, with Robert C. Sands and Gulian C. Verplanck, to the "Talisman," comprising three annual volumes, ranging over 1827, 1829, and 1830.

Intensely American in his feelings—the love of home and of his native land being among his most cherished sentiments,—Mr. Bryant, like all true poetical and liberal minds, has an enlarged appreciation of the poetical associations and romance of other lands. The inspirations of the East, the glowing imagery and romantic history of Southern Spain, the balmy breezes and sunshine of the island of Cuba—all had an enchantment and charm for his inspiring muse and appreciative genius. The range of his poetic genius takes in with comprehensive sympathy the progress and struggles of humanity, seeking its vindication in a universal and enlightened liberty, in the beauties and harmonies of nature in her varied forms, and the inspirations of art in its truthfulness to nature; and all these find their legitimate expression in the various productions of his muse descriptive of them.

His sympathy with art in painting found its voice in his eulogy on Thomas Cole, the great landscape painter, as it did in literature in his addresses upon Cooper, Irving, Halleck and Verplanck. This sympathy for the kindred arts has been reciprocated by its votaries—though haply not in a posthumous form—in a novel, appropriate, and most beautiful manner, by a tribute paid to the poet on the evening of his seventieth birthday. We allude to the offerings

of paintings and poems made to Mr. Bryant on this occasion by the painters and poets of America, who cherished a love and veneration for one standing as a high priest at the altar of nature, singing its praises in most harmonious numbers, and encouraging in its vestibule art in all its glowing beauties. The appropriate place of this offering was the rooms of the Century Club, of which, it will be remembered, Mr. Bryant is the President.

If the harmony of the poet's career has been sustained in his poetical writings and love of art, it has been further manifested in the taste and affection which have governed him in the selection of his dwellings. Few poets have ever been so rich in abiding places. Like the historian Prescott, Mr. Bryant has three residences: a town house and two country houses. One of these is in the picturesque village of Roslyn, Long Island, and commands a view which in its varied aspect takes in a mingled scene of out-spreading land and water. His residence is an ancient mansion, embosomed in trees and vines—a great, ample dwelling-place in the lap of the hills—built by Richard Kirk, in 1781. The origin of the name of Roslyn is quite romantic. The village at the head of the harbor was long called North Hempstead; but as there were already quite Hempsteads enough, the inhabitants united in desiring a more distinctive title, and applied to the poet for his aid in selecting one. In defect of all express guidance in the history of the spot—and desiring, too, a name at once musical in itself and agreeable in its associations—Mr. Bryant proposed Roslyn. It appears that when the British, in 1781, evacuated the wild region called Hempstead, the Sixteenth or Royal American regiment marched out of town to the tune of "Roslyn Castle." The name is not too romantic for the place, for a more irregular or picturesque cluster of houses can

hardly be found, perched here and there on the hill-sides, embowered in foliage, and looking down upon a chain of pretty little lakes, on the outlet of which, overhanging the upper part of the harbor, is an old-fashioned mill with its pretty rural accessories.

The lines of the poet had fallen in pleasant places. The silence of the ancient country mansion, compared with his noisy city home, was truly to its new resident "the still air of delightful studies." Mr. Bryant, who has been mindful of the injunction given by the dying Scotch laird to his son, "Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock, it will be growing while ye are sleeping," alternates his recreations at Roslyn, his favorite residence, with reading in his library. Not extensive, but excellent in varied and judicious selections, his collection of books ranges from the fathers to the literature of our own day. The poet's knowledge of modern languages enables him to add with advantage the works of French, German, Italian, and Spanish authors, to his choice library.

Mr. Bryant's country-seat at Roslyn, called Cedar-Mear, has been the resort of many distinguished men of letters and of art—of travelers and of statesmen who have gone thither to pay their respects to the sage, philosopher, and poet. They have always received a cordial welcome, and enjoyed the purity of taste and simplicity of manner which preside over the hospitable mansion. Here the venerable host enjoys the society of his chosen friends, and retires for a season from the exacting duties and turmoils of a daily editorial life.

Walking on a sunny October afternoon with the poet, over his loved domain, he pointed out a young Spanish chestnut-tree laden with nuts, and, springing lithely on a fence despite his seventy-five summers, caught an open burr hanging from one of the lower branches, opened it, and jump-

ing down with the agility of a youth, handed his city guest the contents, consisting of two as large and beautiful chestnuts as we ever saw in Europe. Why this nut is not more generally grown in this country is a mystery which Mr. Bryant could not explain. The Madeira nut and pecan are also successfully cultivated at Cedar-Mear. About a quarter of a mile distant from the mansion, the poet pointed out a black walnut which first made its appearance above ground in 1713, and has attained a girth of twenty-five feet and an immense breadth of branches. Every year it strews the ground around its gigantic stem with an abundance of nuts of the finest kind. In one of Bryant's poems, this noble black walnut tree—the poet's especial pride—is mentioned. He says:

"On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes
ungathered;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of
their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when
beside them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black wal-
nut-tree."

The taste displayed by the poet in the selection and adornment of his residence at Roslyn, is more than equaled by the affection and veneration which have prompted him to purchase the old homestead of his family at Cummington. This is a venerable mansion situated in the region of the Hampshire Hills, and is a spot which nature has surrounded with scenes fit to awaken the early dreams of the poet and to fill his soul with purest inspirations. In the midst of such scenes the young singer received his earliest impressions, and descriptive of them he has embodied some of his most cherished and beautiful home-endearing poetry. This spot has recently been illustrated by Hows, and is treated in a manner corresponding harmoniously with the surrounding scenery and the quaint, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house. Occupying a site on a commanding

knoll, the venerable mansion is surrounded by groups of elms and evergreens; in the background are lofty hills, and in the foreground is a stream whose warbling waters are reproduced in poetical flowing numbers in the poet's "Rivulet." This stream, bordered by wild-flowers and fern, has been made familiar by Mr. Bryant's pen; and is now, with the old homestead, rendered tangible to the eye by the painter's pencil. Thus the kindred arts indicate their affection and sympathy for each other; and nature, which, in all its grandeur and beauty, would remain in obscurity to the eye of many, is rendered universally visible by the genius of the poet and the painter. Thus is the old homestead of the Bryant family made doubly dear, and its surroundings and the cherished poetry which its early associations inspired have found a fitting interpretation in the speaking canvas of Hows. The same artist who illustrated "The Forest Hymn" and the "Death of the Flowers," by Bryant, is worthy of commemorating in enduring colors the birth-place of their illustrious author.

So far back as 1827, Washington Irving writes from Spain to his friend Henry Brevoort, of the growing fame of Bryant and Halleck. He says: "I have been charmed with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are you acquainted with them? I should like to know something about them personally. Their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets, and they are masters of the magic of poetical language." Four years later, Mr. Bryant, in a letter to Irving, informs him of the publication in New York of a volume comprising all his poems which he thought worth printing, and expresses a desire for their republication in England by a respectable publisher; and in order to anticipate their reproduction by any other, he requested Mr. Irving's kind aid in securing their publication.

The author of the "Sketch Book" having expressed himself admiringly of these early compositions of the poet, justified him in invoking his good offices in this particular. Gulian C. Verplanck writes to Irving from Washington, December 31, 1831, and speaks of Bryant's poems with enthusiasm, urging his friend to carry out the wishes of the young poet in respect to its English republication by Mr. Murray or some other respectable publisher. The poetical writings of Bryant, with an introduction by Washington Irving, appeared in London in 1832. Christopher North, one of the highest authorities in the language, said, in the pages of "Maga," a periodical distinguished for its contempt of mediocrity: "Bryant's poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls 'the religion of the woods.' The reverential awe of the Invisible pervades the verses entitled 'Thanatopsis' and 'Forest Hymn,' imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts." Another periodical, very chary of its praise of anything American, said: "The verses of Mr. Bryant come as assuredly from the 'well of English undefiled' as the finer compositions of Wordsworth; indeed, the resemblance between the two living authors might justify a much more invidious comparison."

In 1834, Mr. Bryant visited Europe, accompanied by his family, with the anticipation of a more prolonged sojourn than that which he made, embracing, however, a period of two years. Returning in 1836, he applied himself with renewed energy to the management of the "Evening Post." In 1845, Mr. Bryant visited England and Scotland. Four years later he again went abroad, in company with the late Charles M. Leupp. In 1852, the poet made his fourth visit to Europe, extending his tour to the Holy Land; and five years later, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Bryant,

he again visited the Old World. The poet made his sixth and last journey to Europe in 1867, and in both these last journeys he visited Spain. His letters to the "Evening Post," embracing his observations and opinions of Cuba and of the Old World, were published after his third visit to Europe, in 1849, entitled, "Letters of a Traveler, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America." After Mr. Bryant's fifth tour abroad, appeared his "Letters from Spain." These charming books, "born from his traveling thigh," as Ben Jonson quaintly expressed it, are written in a style of English prose distinguished for its purity and simplicity. The genial love of nature and the lurking tendency to humor which they every where betray, prevent their severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give them freshness and occasional glow in spite of their prevailing propriety and reserve.

The embodiment of poetry, serenity, and dignity, in his person,—these are all reproduced in his writings. Mr. Bryant has often been depicted with pencil and with pen. The phrenologists have exhausted their skill upon his head, and the painters their art upon his face. The former believe him to approach the ideal of Spurzheim in his fine phrenological developments, and the latter esteem him to possess the fine artistic features of Titian. It is a consolation to age, when protected by a well and orderly regulated life, that its inherent dignity supplies the want, if not the place, of youth, and that the veneration and serenity which surround it more than compensate for the passions which turbulence renders dangerous. To such an honored age as this Mr. Bryant has attained; calm, circumspect, and sedate, he has passed the perilous portals of Parnassus with his crown of laurel untarnished and unwithered with the baser breath that sometimes lurks like a poison within its leaves. To our conception, he more resem-

bles Dante in the calm dignity of his nature, though happily not like him in the violent and oppressive affliction of his life, than any other poet in history. The inspiration which creates the poetic spirit in one age and nation, and centres in one nature, doubtless reproduces itself in another,—as the features of great heroes have been traced in resemblance from the remotest ages of the world to the modern era.

It requires the genius of a generation to be inspired with the spirit and appreciation of some men's writings; and then they require interpreters to expound them, like the teachings of a new dispensation. So exalted a genius as Milton hardly escaped this contemporaneous oblivion, and Burns was in comparative obscurity when he was inspired with the divinest strains of poetry. The votaries of the muses of the present day have, in their more exalted inspirations, no similar causes of complaint, though there are, perhaps, occasional instances of neglect. The progress of education, and the universal love of reading, the bountiful diffusion of the daily and periodical press, all have a combined tendency to place the works of writers of ability within the reach of the great mass of readers. The home adaptation and sympathetic character of William Cullen Bryant's poems with nature and national sentiments, have combined, with the general diffusion of letters, to render his poetic compositions "familiar as household words." They are indelibly traced upon the hearts of his countrymen, as they are upon the minds of his contemporaries, wherever the English language is spoken, or the sentiments of humanity uttered through poetry are cherished. Irving left behind him a graphic picture of the poetry of this distinguished American, whom his country and his age delight to honor. He said: "Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest,

to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." Halleck, after repeating the whole of one of Bryant's late poems, said to the writer: "His genius [referring to Bryant] is almost the only instance of a high order of thought becoming popular; not that the people do not prize literary worth, but because they are unable to comprehend obscure poetry. Bryant's pieces seem to be fragments of one and the same poem, and require only a common plot to constitute a unique epic."

In December, 1867, Mr. Bryant responded in a beautiful letter to an invitation of the Alumni of Williams College to read a poem at their annual meeting. The brief and charming epistle, declining the invitation, is poetical in its sympathy, and expresses with pathos, not the decline of powers of a mind yet vigorous, but a conscientious distrust of reaching that perfection of poetical excellence which his admirers might expect from his previous compositions. Here is the letter, more valuable than many occasional verses:

"You ask me for a few lines of verse to be read at your annual festival of the Alumni of Williams College. I am ever ill at occasional verses. Such as it is, my vein is not of that sort. I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Besides, it is the December of life with me. I try to keep a few flowers in pots—mere remembrancers of a more genial season which is now with the things of the past. If I can have a carnation or two for Christmas, I think myself fortunate. You write as if I had nothing to do in fulfilling your request but to go out and gather under the hedges and by the brooks a bouquet of flowers that spring spontaneously, and throw them upon your table. If I were to try, what would you say if it proved to be only a little bundle of dead stalks and withered leaves, which my dim sight had mistaken for fresh, green sprays and blossoms? So I must excuse myself as well as I can, and content myself with wishing a very pleasant evening to the foster-children of Old Williams who meet on New Year's day, and all manner of prosperity and honor to the excellent institution of learning in which they were nurtured."

On the evening of the second of February, 1869, Mr. Bryant delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, his subject being the life and writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck. The venerable poet spoke affectionately, appreciatingly and eloquently of his friend, whose "lyre told of Athenian lands," as in bygone years he had spoken of his distinguished contemporaries—Thomas Cole, Fenimore Cooper, and Washington Irving. Bryant and Halleck, our greatest poets, first met at the house of Henry D. Sedgwick, in New York, in the year 1825, when the gifted and genial singer, who has "gone hence to be no more seen," extended a cordial welcome to Bryant. During the dinner Sedgwick said to Halleck, "From what State are you?" "From Connecticut," was the reply. "I should never have dreamed it," responded the New England lawyer. "I never met with a Yankee who had not the stamp of his nativity written upon him as plainly as the curse was impressed upon the brow of Cain." Bryant's appearance at that period is described by William Leggett as follows: "In person he was rather above the middle size; his face is handsome and of a pleasing character, and his eyes are lighted up with an expression of great intelligence. His manners are easy and urbane; his disposition open, generous, and sincere; his habits those of a gentleman; his pursuits those of a scholar, and his principles those of a man of honor. His conversation is 'rich with the lore of centuries,' though of his learning he makes no parade, keeping it rather for use than for show; and those who have the happiness of an acquaintance with this gifted man, find not, as is too often the case, a disparity between his written sentiments and the actions of his life."

The literary life which began more than sixty years since, has been crowned by his late masterly achieve-

ment—the translation of Homer. It must needs add to the loved poet's established and enduring fame. Verplanck said to the writer, but a few weeks before his death: "Bryant's translation is incomparably the best yet made." This *dictum* has been sustained by our leading scholars and critics, and hereafter, at least among American readers, Bryant's translation will be preferred to that of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Newman, or Lord Derby, of which latter Halleck said: "It is a very good translation of the 'Iliad' with the poetry left out." One of the highest literary authorities of the land says: "Three years ago we welcomed Mr. Longfellow's 'Divina Commedia'—a translation which, for the very first time in English, gives the very spirit and atmosphere of the original text. We believe that Mr. Bryant has now given us the standard English 'Iliad,' which is destined to supersede all previous versions. In any case, he has produced a work which reflects the highest honor on himself and on the country whose literature he has already so nobly enriched."

In reviewing the life and career of William Cullen Bryant—"the Father of American Poetry," as Halleck once called him during a conversation with the writer—we cannot omit to notice the birth and growth of the "Evening Post." Founded by William Coleman, a lawyer from Massachusetts, its first number was issued on the 16th of November, 1801. Espousing the Federal cause in politics, it maintained that position with zeal and vigor throughout the war with Great Britain. Mr. Coleman dying in 1826, the well-remembered William Leggett became its assistant editor, in which capacity he continued for ten years. Mr. Bryant, soon after his return from Europe in 1836, upon the retirement of Mr. Leggett, assumed the sole editorial charge of the paper. In its management he has been ably assisted by his son-in-law, Parke

Godwin; by John Bigelow, late United States Minister to France; and by his present efficient lieutenant, Charles Nordhoff. Besides this trio of able coadjutors, the "Post" has had the benefit of the contributions of many distinguished writers of prose and verse. At the expiration of the half-century of the "Post's" establishment, Mr. Bryant prepared a history of the veteran journal, in which his versatile pen and well-stored mind had ample range and material in men and incidents to do justice to the very interesting and eventful period through which the paper had passed.

Can we more fittingly conclude this notice of the greatest poet our country has yet produced, than by quoting the closing words of a speech delivered at a dinner, at which Bryant was present, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1869—a dinner, need we say, in honor of Robert Burns? "And in another respect," said the orator, "we are fortunate, that while to-night the memory of Burns is enshrined in our inmost hearts as the chief of Scottish bards, it is our peculiar privilege to greet with a proud and heartfelt welcome the greatest of American poets. The greatest, I say, not because he is here, but because he is the greatest. One regret we have, that our bard has been so occupied with the every-day prose of life that the melody which always enchants the country and the world has so seldom sounded from the neglected strings of the harp that he long ago tuned to a lofty strain of poetic thought and beauty. Ours is the earnest wish, the fervent prayer, that many, many years may yet roll away ere he will cease to honor and adorn with his presence and his speech the banquet spread to the memory of Robert Burns."

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares.
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

DID HE DREAM IT?

BY JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

WE had played together as boys; though, as the world goes, there was a wide chasm between his father's house and mine—he the son of a hard-working mechanic, I the only hopeful of the well-descended and college-bred minister. Still there was an abiding affection between us; and when my father wrote me that a very marked change had come over Lewis, the ever-ready hero of a thousand mischievous though never malicious tricks, I felt a deep concern for my former playmate, and for his old mother, who was said to suffer intensely in her mind on account of her son's strange bearing. Often my father, in his letters, touched on this subject—remarking, in one of them, that if Lewis had not lived the whole of his young life under his very eyes, he would attribute the growing gloom and restlessness of his manner to some wrong or some crime he had committed, the recollection of and remorse for which were now driving the young man to the verge of madness. It was on his account, as much as anything else, that I was glad of an opportunity at last to leave the interests of my clients in trustworthy hands, and return to my father's house for a brief period.

During the first interview with my father, our conversation turned on Lewis. He had been married now for some years; and the fact that his house had not been made glad with the voice of laughing children, in part accounted to me for the sad mental depression under which he was said to be laboring. For I remembered how he had caught up a little scream-

ing youngster one day, and said: "After all, it is the greatest happiness we can find in this world, to see a lot of these cunning little fellows growing up around us. If I had a wife like an angel, I could not love her unless there were children to call her mother."

Lewis was a cabinet-maker, and highly skilled in the finer branches of his craft—the beautiful paneling and wood-carving in many a gentleman's house bearing witness to his taste and workmanship. He was not at home when I went to see him, the day after my arrival; but I think I was rather the better pleased to see his mother before meeting him. I saw his wife, too,—a quiet, and, as I fancied, sad-faced woman. Mother Harding, with tears in her eyes, repeated to me the same stories I had heard from my father; but now that I had come, she said, there seemed hope that Lewis would confide his troubles to me.

I sat by the window overlooking the large garden, separated from my father's house only by a lane that led to a broad street in the town.

"Is he not sick, perhaps?" I suggested; "and how did the change come over him—gradually, or all at once?"

"It came all of a sudden. About a year and a half ago—I remember it as though it were yesterday—on the nineteenth of December, late in the evening, we received an order for a coffin. It was for the big weaver down by the bridge there; and as there was no coffin in the wareroom large enough, Lewis remained in the workshop during the night, to make

it. His father, you know, was just so before him; when there was extra work to do, he did it himself—for the men, he said, had enough to do in the daytime. When I went to bed that night, Lewis was as full of his boy's pranks as ever;—when I met him the next morning, he appeared just as he is now."

"But he must have given some reason for his altered conduct;—at least you must have looked about for some cause?"

"I only know what he said to his wife and me. At about five o'clock, his wife tells me, he came in from the workshop"—which I could see, at the end of the garden, from where I sat—"to the bedroom, shivering with cold, and saying that such a thing had never happened to him before: he had fallen asleep over his work in the night, and had found himself, chilled and stiff, in the shavings by the work-bench, in the gray light of the morning; and he would have to call up Old Jake now to finish the coffin. He tried to laugh over it, his wife said, but the laugh sounded unnatural; and when she spoke to him in the morning, she could hardly get an answer from him. His haggard face frightened me when I saw him,—but he commenced scolding about women who always wanted to be dosing men like little children, when I spoke of sending for a doctor: and, saying that he had only got chilled in the workshop last night, he fell again into the brooding silence he has ever since maintained. He is not unkind otherwise; but he is falling away, and looks like an old man instead of a strong man of thirty."

I left my bed more than once that night, to look over into the Harding garden and at the workshop, where Lewis said he had fallen asleep on that memorable night.

Early the next morning there was a hasty knock at my door, and a moment later, Lewis—his eyes dancing with the old merry light in them, his

white teeth displayed in his old beaming smile, his face lighted up with the old hearty affection—was hanging about my neck, asking a hundred laughing questions and answering them all in the same breath. For the next fifteen minutes he was so much the Lewis of long ago that I lost all recollection of what had been told me of his later life. At last he said, soberly:

"I am really angry to think that any one should have had the privilege of greeting you before I could see you. Mother said you had waited quite a while for me, yesterday. She said she had enjoyed your visit immensely; and from this I infer"—he smiled, but his face grew dark with the smile and his eye restless—"that she treated you to all of the family-troubles, and the whole long array of coffins and cradles of her own household and her neighbors'."

I laughed.

"I assure you I enjoyed the treat. I had heard but little of your sisters of late—and of yourself, nothing."

"Just as I thought," he said, moodily. Of course I was the main subject of conversation."

"Has not your mother a right to speak of her own son? Besides, she only said you had been ailing lately, and were not looking well—which, I see now, was an exaggeration; for I cannot see that you have changed more than we all do in ten years."

He looked at me narrowly, and then said, almost pettishly.

"Well, don't take the contagion from these women, Fred. Some time ago I took a bad cold, which was neglected at the time; and ever since then, they have been watching me like a pair of hawks, waiting to hear me admit that I am sick unto death—merely to have the satisfaction of saying, 'Didn't I tell you so? I knew I was right!' That's all they want."

"Don't worry," said I; "let them talk."

"It's easy enough for you to say

that"—and as he spoke I could see in his face more than one trace that told of anything but a mind at peace or a life of content; "but if you had to live amidst this continual ding-dong, you would not think it such a trifle."

I turned the conversation on different topics, and the lines vanished from his face again. Indeed, the hours he passed with me subsequently, at the close of each day, under the trees that grew close by the house, or in the little room that served me for study in my father's house, always seemed to be a recreation to him. His face would grow younger at such times, and his eye calm and pleasant,—though when I saw him during the day, in his workshop or with his family, the deep lines of care or of a conscience ill at ease were always visible on his face; and his looks seemed turned inward, as though contemplating something not of this world.

One evening he came to me with these lines still on his face, and sat beside me moodily,—answering one or two remarks I made in a short, irritated manner.

"Do you believe in manifestations from the other world?" Lewis asked me suddenly, after a long silence.

"Have you seen a ghost?" I asked in turn, laughing heartily at the idea of Lewis—practical, skeptical, matter-of-fact Lewis—asking the question.

"I did not mean it for a joke," he said, testily; "tell me your opinion: can the spirit of the dead appear to the living?"

"That is hard to decide," I answered, thoughtfully, "though I do not doubt that most apparitions which people claim to have seen can be traced down to a particular predisposition of the body as well as of the senses,—not only the peculiar state of bodily health, but the half-awake, half-sleep-locked state of the perceptive faculties producing hallucinations which are construed by the too ready superstition of the people, into

supernatural appearances and manifestations."

"I am neither nervous nor sickly—and I never dream."

"Then *you* have had such an apparition, Lewis?"

He nodded his head.

"And who was the deceased?"

"A woman."

I hesitated a moment. "In regard to whom you have something to reproach yourself with?"

"You mistake," he answered, quietly. "I saw her but few times, and never associated with her; and when I came near her last she was already dead, and I did not even see her face."

Again I felt tempted to treat the matter as a joke.

"And this veiled lady pays you nocturnal visits? Then how do you know it is the same person?"

"I did not say she had been veiled—she was lying on her face."

I grew serious—for I felt that now had come the time to rid my friend of the burden he had so long borne in silence; and drawing nearer to him in the deepening twilight, I laid my hand on his arm, and said:

"Friend Lewis, you cannot think what I have suffered on your account. The cloud hanging over your life seems lifting at last. You shall not leave me to-night till you have fully unbosomed yourself to me."

"Can we break an oath ever so unwillingly taken?"

I meditated before replying.

"If you were sworn to secrecy in regard to the poor lady of whom you were speaking, you have already broken the oath; and if an oath was forced from you, which, being broken, might lead to the detection and punishment of guilty parties, it is your duty to set aside what you might consider strictly binding, under these circumstances, and reveal all you know in connection with the wronged—perhaps murdered—woman."

For some time he brooded silently over what I had said; then his voice

came through the falling darkness, singularly heavy and monotonous—as though he were talking in his sleep, or recounting a vision or dream he had had.

"You know that among the first customers who patronized me after I came into possession of my father's workshop, was Mr. Wetherill, the wealthy merchant on Jane street. He appeared so to appreciate the new designs and patterns I introduced in furniture and wainscoting, that it was always a pleasure to work for him; and, besides, his custom and recommendation have secured me many a profitable job.

"Almost a year and a half ago—it was on the nineteenth of December—I received an order for a coffin. It was for the big weaver down there by the bridge; and, as there was no ready-made coffin long enough for him, I set to work in the evening to finish one during the night. I had not been in the workshop more than an hour—it might have been eleven o'clock—when Mr. Wetherill, heavily cloaked, entered the shop. I started, for I had not heard him approach;—his steps might have been rendered noiseless by the fast-falling snow outside.

"'Do n't speak out loud,' he said, laying his finger on his lip. 'My good-nature has led me into a most disagreeable scrape, and you must help me out of it. One of the porters employed in my establishment was engaged to Maria, the servant-girl at our house; and, in consequence of a quarrel which they had, the girl took a violent fever, and died on the day before yesterday. She was to have been buried to-morrow; but in a letter which I received from her mother to-day, she pleaded so touchingly for her daughter's corpse to be brought home, that I could not refuse. I could easily send the body by Miller, my teamster, who is going across the country with a load of goods to-morrow, if it were not for the superstitious

dread these people have of carrying a coffin, and the interference of the police, who refuse permission to transport a coffin over the country. So I want you to come with me and help prepare and "pitch up" a box to put the coffin into—and the teamster will never know what he is carrying in his wagon. To-morrow you can send a coffin to my house in broad daylight, which I will send to my family vault in the cemetery, as though I were placing Maria's remains there for the present. Dickson has always been a faithful fellow, and he seemed to feel so bad over Maria's death that I thought I ought to help him make this atonement to Maria's mother. But before we go, give me your most solemn promise that you will not mention to any living being what transpires to-night. It would be highly disagreeable for a man of my standing to be brought into conflict with the authorities who forbade transporting the corpse.'

"What could I do but promise, and follow him? I had no reason to doubt a word of the gentleman's story;—and there was certainly a kindness to be done to the bereaved mother of the poor servant-girl.

"He did not take me to his dwelling-house, but to the warehouses across the yard; and there we found Dickson, the porter, already at work. He was heating the pitch over the fire in a small furnace, and said we had been so long coming that he was afraid the job could not be finished before daylight,—and Miller was to start with his team at four o'clock in the morning.

"Mr. Wetherill scowled; and while I was preparing to 'pitch up' a long box gotten ready for that purpose, he said to Dickson, evidently for the purpose of my hearing it, 'See, here, boy, you may flatter yourself that I think a great deal of you, or I should never run this risk for you.' Perhaps he was over-cautious to let me hear those words, or I do n't know what it

was that set me to thinking all at once that if this business could bear the light of day to shine on it, Mr. Wetherill would have given one of his clerks charge of it, instead of taking it into his own hands. I felt like a miscreant;—but what could I do? I do n't know what my face expressed, but when the box was ready, Dickson said he could put the body in alone.

"Then let me take the measure of the corpse, so that I can send the coffin in the morning," I said, gathering up my tools.

"Mr. Wetherill pushed open the door of a little office, and preceded me with a light, when Dickson called out, 'It is not necessary, you know, for the body don't go into the coffin.'

"Very true," said Mr. W., turning quickly; 'any kind of a coffin will do.'

"But I had already seen, on a plank laid over two barrels, the figure of a woman, lying on her face, with long, dark hair, over which a white cap had hastily been thrust, concealing the part of the face that might otherwise have been visible. A piece of carpeting covered the lower part of her figure, and over her shoulders she had a dark-colored jacket, such as a poor servant girl might wear. I wanted to cry when I saw the poor child, alone in death, with these two men, and not a single friend of her own sex to smooth the masses of dark hair falling in disorder around her. And why this singular position?

"However, Mr. W. gave me little time for reflection. He had quickly pushed me out of the little office, and was already crowding me out of the warehouse, letting me pause on the threshold only long enough to remind me of my solemn pledge.

"Silently and noiselessly, I retraced my steps through the still falling snow, and could not fully realize what had passed till I found myself in my workshop, among the shavings, trying to warm my limbs, which were shaking with cold and horror."

I felt something of the same sensation, but repressed the shudder that ran through me, saying, as quietly as I could:

"And do you know, Master Carpenter, that you fell asleep among the shavings in your workshop that night, and dreamed this whole adventure?"

"I was tempted to believe so myself the next morning; when, at about ten o'clock, Dickson came in to speak for a coffin for the servant-girl, Maria, who had died in Mr. Wetherill's house the day before yesterday. Her mother wanted her corpse sent home, he went on to say, but the authorities refused to grant permission; so she would be buried in Mr. W.'s family vault for the present. I sent one of my men to attend to the order, saying to him in a careless way, 'Dickson said Maria had died; it cannot be that healthy young thing,—he must have said old Sarah, and I misunderstood him. But when the man returned he said it was Maria after all, and that Mr. Wetherill's sister (she was keeping house for him, as he is not married) had been busy with the corpse, braiding white flowers in her hair, and crying because Maria had died so far away from her mother. Had I been dreaming, then? But my coat, my cap, and my boots were wet; and every word, every action, of last night was still fresh and vivid in my mind. Had they changed their plans? Was it not Maria's corpse I had seen? I was like a man in a horrible, horrible dream. I wanted to cry out, to rid myself of the demons that seemed to be holding me fast; but I was bound hand and foot by the oath I had taken.

"Eagerly I listened for any chance word that might be spoken to aid me in clearing up the dreadful mystery; and closely I watched my own state, to discover, perchance, whether or not I had been dreaming that night. But no; I never dreamed, until one night—about a year ago—I dreamed

of being in a large freight-depot or warehouse, where rows on rows of boxes were piled up; and one among them I thought I recognized. It was long, stoutly-joined, and marked, with black paint, A. K., two double crosses, 1205. But the name of the town, marked also on the box, I could not decipher.

"A man was standing by the box, who said to me, 'We found her in this box, and we kept it to see if the criminal could not be discovered.' 'Whom did you find in the box?' I asked. The lid of the box was opened, and from it arose a young girl, with long dark hair, over which a white cap had hastily been thrust; and over her shoulders she had a dark-colored jacket, such as a poor servant-girl would wear. In a word, it was the dead girl whom I had seen lying on the plank in Mr. Wetherill's office, with her face downward; and it was not Maria, but a young relative of the Wetherills', whom I had seen at their house during a visit she was making. She had watched us at work one day on the wainscoting in the dining-room; and I at once recognized her beautiful eyes, and their deep, earnest expression. 'God in heaven!' I cried out in my sleep, to her, 'Were you in Wetherill's house in December, Miss Jennie?' The sound of my own voice roused me; and, starting up, I saw at the foot of my bed—the embodiment of my dream! Fixing her eyes on me steadily, she moved to the door, and passed out."

"And you still doubt that you dream?" I asked.

"It is *no* dream!" he cried, passionately. "Hear me! Last night she came again, for the third time,—beseeching and pleading with her earnest eyes, haunting me through the long hours of the day, and accusing me at the throne of God during the night. Help me now to lift the veil that shrouds this mystery! I am ready to suffer any penalty, rather than that the eyes of the murdered

girl should longer accuse me of cowardice."

Is it necessary that I should say how deep a compassion I felt for my poor friend?

"I will help you," I said; "but you must have patience. Do you know the name of this young girl, and who her parents are, if she has any?"

"Yes—her name is Jennie Barnard; and her parents live in the country, near Westland. I have learned, too, that she was here on a visit during that December, but went home about the middle of the month."

"And is that all you know about her?"

"I could not learn more without entering into explanations."

The moon was rising from beyond the mountains, painting my friend's face a ghastly white. It was my turn to lie awake at night now.

The next morning, as early as was compatible with good manners, I visited the house of an old friend, Judge Hill, to whom I told the singular story. He was acquainted with Mr. Wetherill, and shook his head smilingly as I proceeded. His face grew more serious when I told him of my affection for my unhappy friend; and when I had quite finished he opened a drawer in his desk, from which he took an old newspaper. Looking over it, he said:

"You know my old passion for collecting things like this"—and following where he pointed with his finger, I read, under the heading of "Personal":

"Jennie, who took the mail-stage at D. on the night of the eighteenth of December, and is said to have left it at L., on the nineteenth, is entreated by her broken-hearted parents to return to them—or at least to send word to her friends in D. All shall be forgotten and forgiven."

I looked up in surprise. The name of our town commenced with D. and the date certainly agreed with the time of that mysterious transaction.

"A very interesting case," said Judge Hill.

"And a dream, after all," I said; "for do n't you see that she went away from here in the stage and left it at L.?"

"She is *said* to have left the stage," he repeated, pointing to the advertisement.

I went home, and immediately wrote to an acquaintance I happened to have in Westland, asking very affectionately about a young couple with a family of small children—Mr. and Mrs. Barnard—whom I had met on my last summer's excursion in the mountains. The answer to my letter came in due time. I was told that I must be mistaken in regard to the Barnard family, for this name was represented in Westland only by an old couple, now childless. But they had had a daughter once; and this might interest me, for she had been lost in a most unaccountable manner, while returning from a visit to a Mr. Wetherill and sister, in our city. She had left D. on the night of December eighteenth, but had only been traced to L., where she must have left the stage, for her baggage alone found its way to Westland; Jennie herself was missing. Mr. Wetherill had at first suspected the young girl of deserting her friends to follow the fortunes of a young foreigner, Mr. M., whom she had met at Wetherill's house. But Mr. W.'s sister had always denied such charges against Jennie; and Mr. M., the foreigner charged with having led the girl astray, was at present an inhabitant of Westland,—a man of the purest morals and best principles, above suspicion, and, with the parents, mourning the loss of the unhappy child.

"Oh, if I could only make out the name of the town on that box!" exclaimed Lewis, when I showed him the letter. "But of one thing I am sure: Jennie did *not* go in the stage from here to L. Explain it as he may, Mr. Wetherill will never make me believe that."

Carrying the letter to Judge Hill, that gentleman in person met me, on his way to my house. He turned back with me; and once seated in his study, he handed me a late copy of the same newspaper we had consulted once before. The paragraph now pointed out to me read thus:

"In the freight-depot of the ——— Company at N., a pine-wood box, five feet long, two and one-half wide and same height, has remained unclaimed for one year and six months. Any person giving information leading to the discovery of the depositor of this box will receive a reward of \$500."

On my side, I astonished the Judge by handing him the letter I had received; and, after pacing the room for full fifteen minutes, he stopped before me and said:

"I had wronged your friend! He did *not* dream it—it is all true; it all happened to him. He did not even dream the marks on the box; he must have caught a hasty glimpse of the characters on the lid that night. Above all things, though, I want to see your friend before I take any further steps."

Who came to knock at the door just then? The Judge opened it. Ah! Mr. Wetherill! And when he looked into the Judge's perturbed face, he asked, blandly:

"Am I disturbing these gentlemen in a most important consultation? Shall I withdraw?"

"By no means," protested the Judge, darting a look at me which I understood instantly; "we were just perusing a letter from Westland, and the name of Jennie Barnard, who disappeared from your house a year ago last December, was mentioned in it."

"Ah? Yes—the poor girl!" he replied, regarding the ashes on his cigar; "it makes me sad to think of her. And to think that she should have met her destroyer, that young foreigner, in my house!"

"You are speaking of Mr. M.?" I asked.

"Yes. These foreigners are never to be trusted."

"But you accuse him wrongfully. Mr. M. is in Westland at present, and enjoying the esteem and confidence of the parents of the girl and all other people there."

Mr. Wetherill looked up furtively.

"Of course M. would not own to such a thing as eloping with a young girl and then deserting her!" he said, laughing uneasily.

"Are you *sure* that Jennie Barnard left this place with the stage and went to L.?" asked Judge Hill, suddenly turning to him.

A look of fear, or perhaps anger, darted over Mr. W.'s face.

"You are almost going too far, Judge Hill," he said, seriously; "however, I took Jennie to the stage-office myself that night, and saw her off in the stage."

"Indeed! Well, you see I am superstitious. Now, if I had been in Miss Jennie's place, I should not have started on a journey just that day—because you had a corpse in your house; you remember, one of your servant-girls had died."

"Maria—the poor thing! Yes. But how did you know it?"

"Oh, I happened to hear that permission had been refused to send her body over to her mother's place, and I felt sorry for the mother, and thought the authorities had no right to interfere in such things. But, aside from having a corpse in the house on that day, the weather was very bad, and when the stage left at night it was very dark and blustering; the wind was blowing and the snow falling,—and the way to the stage-office leads by those gloomy warehouses of yours, through the yard. Is it not so?"

"Of course. You make one shudder,—you have such a weird fancy."

"And in the wareroom, near the little office, you had a box prepared the next night—a pine-wood box—which Dickson, who went to Australia later, delivered to Miller, the teamster, the same night, to take to the freight-depot in N., where it remains

unclaimed to this day, though marked plainly, A. K., two double crosses, 1206, N. You must have seen this advertisement—why don't you claim the box?"

Mr. Wetherill had jumped from his seat, pale as a corpse, when the Judge had commenced speaking; but sinking back, he could only stammer:

"Then Dickson has returned?"

"You will save us all a world of trouble by confessing at once," said Judge Hill.

"I will, if you will promise to call no one in till I have finished," replied Mr. Wetherill, shaking like an aspen.

His confession can be given in a few words. He had always been perfectly unprincipled in regard to women. Possessing both a handsome person and great wealth, he had met with success everywhere. His cousin Jennie must have instinctively felt the evil that was in his nature, for she treated his most respectful proposals with scorn. When he found that she would not accept his hand, but seemed to be made unhappy by his very presence, he feigned repentance; and the girl, with her generous soul, tried to be kind and forgiving. Fully trusting in his honor, she proceeded under his care to the stage-office, on the night of the eighteenth of December. Crossing the dark yard where the warehouses stood, Dickson, who was lying in wait, assisted his master to drag her into the little office, from whence Mr. Wetherill went to the stage-office, where, in the bustle and confusion of starting—among a crowd of people hurrying about with bundles and baskets containing treasures for the approaching holidays—he handed Jennie's ticket to the conductor on the top of the stage, and calling into the coach "Good night, Jennie! a pleasant journey!" he returned home to his sister, bringing Jennie's farewells.

Returning to his safely-caged victim, he did not give a thought to the consequences of his actions, till he

found the girl—a corpse at his feet. With a little pocket-knife she had severed the veins at her wrist, and had bled to death. Dickson, who was already in his confidence, suggested that Jennie be buried in Maria's place (she had died on the seventeenth of December), while the girl's body be secretly sent to her mother. But this could not be done without detection; so it was decided to place Jennie's corpse in a box, and ship it in the manner described,—which was accomplished on the night of the nineteenth of December.

"So you see," said Mr. Wetherill, as he concluded, "I am not a murderer, though I plead guilty to something worse than that. But now tell me, when did Dickson return, and what led him to make this confession?"

"Dickson has not returned, to my knowledge," said the Judge, quietly.

Mr. W. looked blank.

"Then you obtained a clue through the merest accident, and I have allowed myself to be trapped like a school-boy!"

"You forget your other accomplice," suggested the Judge.

Wetherill looked from one to the other.

"I do n't understand you. I had no other accomplices—nor any witness, so far as I know."

"Still we had it from the man's own lips;" and the Judge gave the main features of Lewis's story. Wetherill listened in surprise.

"Whatever I may have done, I am not a liar; and I give you my word that if Harding knows anything of

the affair, he has either been eaves-dropping or dreaming. At one time I thought of calling on him to help us; but Dickson opposed, and I was satisfied."

Let me say at once of Mr. Wetherill, that he put an end to his life before he was publicly disgraced.

When I returned home to bring the strange news to Lewis, his haggard face and sunken eyes warned me to be careful in my communications.

"Have you, too, seen a ghost?" he asked.

"A spirit just departed—yes." And I told him of Wetherill's confession and death. He grew paler than ever.

"God judge him in mercy. And now—let me go, Fred. I, too, must have my measure of punishment from the judges of this world. Perhaps I can live again, then—the life of a free, guiltless man."

He buried his face in his hands and shuddered.

"Lewis," cried I, "awake! awake! Listen to me—you are guiltless—you are free! With his last breath, Wetherill has sworn it;—you only *dreamed* the tragedy of that night—you took no part in it. You did not see the poor girl's corpse. You dreamed—such a dream as mortal man dreams but once in a century; but you dreamed—you only dreamed!"

He looked wildly about him, before he fell forward heavily against me. He lingered between life and death for long weeks, but came forth from the sick-chamber at last, a stronger and happier man than he had been for years;—and he never dreamed again.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY MILTON W. REYNOLDS.

FOUR years of war and five years of peace have finally settled the negro problem. The shooting States have returned to their political orbits—the stars are again in their courses. Reconstruction welcomes the South, with her grievous sins and more grievous sufferings, to regeneration and the new birth. Her annual product of four million bales of cotton, and, what is of greater value to her and the whole country, the lessons of self-reliance that the war taught—the application of different forms of industry, and the multiplication of varied forms of labor,—have settled the position that the South is to occupy in the new order of existence. There is in reserve for her a greater wealth and prosperity than her most fanciful social and political economists dreamed possible under the old *régime*. Happily the South can now take care of herself. She can afford to be “let alone;” and we can afford to let her alone, while other and perhaps graver questions press their claims upon Congress and the country for solution.

Our barbarian brethren now claim our attention. Considerations of humanity, long-delayed justice to our frontier settlers and unprotected pioneers—men, not less than national policy, unite in urging an early solution and settlement of the Indian question. The bleaching bones of hundreds of the too-daring and hardy pioneers lie scattered along the great lines of travel across the Western prairies, and whiten the sand-plains of the Smoky Hill, the Platte, and the Arkansas. The timid wife of the settler is startled at the rustling of a leaf, fearing the approach of the dusky

savage with his gleaming tomahawk and scalping-knife. And still the resistless wave of immigration sweeps on, and surges and swells across the continent, enriching and fertilizing the waste places, and causing the desert and the plains to blossom and bloom with beauty and productiveness. Civilization is crowding and pressing upon the home of the Indian. Each new treaty diminishes his reservation, and limits his hunting-grounds. The thundering tramp and tread of the locomotive outstrip the speed of the Indian's fleetest horses. It courses the choicest valleys, and chases away the buffalo. The Indian's game, his only means of subsistence, is rapidly disappearing. He is driven to seek newer and better hunting-grounds.

“At evening's mellow close,
Mustered here the savage foes;
But when the morning's sun arose,
Cities filled the land.”

On the broad prairie, in the blooming valley, and through the thick forest, the scream of the engine and the music of the water-wheel awaken the dull monotony of these primeval solitudes, and start new and strange melodies where the wild war-whoop summoned to the dance and the chase. The tracks of the buffalo are fast dissolving in the sands of our Western plains. The Indian disappears with the buffalo, unless education and Christianity can induce him to abandon his wild nomadic life, and adapt himself to the necessities of a new order of existence. The demands of a Christian civilization and of a common humanity alike impel us to make some effort to avert from the Indian race the terrible doom of a swift and

sure annihilation. Will it not be the lasting shame of the American people, if, after having robbed the Indian of his lands, of an entire continent, they shall neglect to provide at least that the remnant of a once proud and dominant race shall have some hope for the future, by affording educational means and facilities for its mental, moral, and spiritual development?

The causes of our Indian wars, in nine cases out of ten, are not less disgraceful than are the results of these costly conflicts contemptible. The selling of bad whiskey in defiance of the United States statute, corrupt and fraudulent agents and rascally traders, the greed of land and railroad monopolies, the connivance of Congressmen and other officials with these land-sharks and Indian plunderers and speculators, are the sad and sickening causes of most of our Indian wars. It is not the hardy pioneer, the industrious frontier settler, who stirs up and foment these Indian disturbances. He has nothing to gain and everything to lose by an Indian war. His stock is driven off, his farm improvements wasted, his children scalped, his wife ravished and carried into captivity ten-fold worse than death—when the peaceful, generous, good-natured Indian is transformed into the brutal, hostile savage. There are buccaneers of the plains ten-fold worse than the savage in his worst estate, and contractors who are always ready to foment Indian disturbances in order to profit from the expenditures of the Government; but these are not the only sinners. A dilatory Congress; a Government faithless in the redemption of its pledges; an Indian Bureau using its red tape and circumlocution in the interests of plunderers of the Indian; corrupt Congressmen who black-mail Indian committee-men before they will allow appropriations to pass in the fulfilment of treaty stipulations;—to these agencies can be attributed the origin of many of our Indian difficulties.

The war of the Rebellion left, in the summer of 1865, the various semi-civilized tribes of the Indian Territory in a deplorable condition. Three-fourths of the members of these tribes had joined their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy. True, they were forced into this alliance, partly by promises of better treaties than they had with the Government, and in part by coercion and force of arms employed by the South. The Government left them without protection from domestic violence and foreign invasion, which their treaties guaranteed to them. And when the emissaries of the Southern Confederacy failed to buy them with false promises, they were coerced and driven into an alliance with the South. Their territory lying chiefly west of Arkansas, their business relations with the Southern people having always been of the most friendly character and intermarriages quite frequent, themselves the holders of slaves, their sympathies were naturally with the South; yet had the Government afforded them protection, they would have maintained—what Kentucky first vainly essayed to do—strict neutrality between the contending parties. But this was impossible. It was as difficult for the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles to remain neutral, as it was for Kentucky and Tennessee to look indifferently upon the grand civil conflict which raged around them. These Indians were dragged into the contest: they became full-blown rebels early in the fight. They fought at Pea Ridge, and in most of the heavy engagements in the Southwest.

As a result of their course, their treaties became forfeited. They had to be reconstructed. For this purpose in the summer of 1865 a Commission—consisting of General Harney, Colonel Parker (the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs), Judge Cooley (Commissioner of Indian Affairs), Colonel Sells (Superintendent of

Southern Indians), and the venerable Thomas Wistar, the Philadelphia Quaker,—was sent to the Indian Territory to meet delegations from the various tribes of the Southwest. The council was held at Fort Smith, in the months of August and September. The problems for solution were:

1. The reconstruction and rehabilitation of these tribes into their former relations with the Government and with each other.

2. The abolition of slavery among the tribes, and the guarantee of equal rights to the freedmen.

3. The surrender of a portion of their lands for occupancy by friendly tribes to the north of them; or, as the Commissioners said, in council, to the representatives of thirteen of the most enlightened tribes of the Southwest, "A portion of the lands hitherto owned and occupied by them (the tribes of the Southwest) must be set apart for the friendly tribes now in Kansas and elsewhere, on such terms as may be agreed upon by the parties and approved by the Government, or as may be fixed by the Government. It is the policy of the Government, unless other arrangements be made, that all the nations and tribes in the Indian Territory be formed into one consolidated government."

Six months had elapsed since Lee's surrender. The war had practically ended; but nothing had been done to rehabilitate the States and to reconstruct and restore the Southern people to their former relations with the Union. Slavery had been abolished by force of arms, but the freedmen had not yet the rights of freemen secured to them. Under the circumstances, what the Government demanded of these tribes it could not enforce by example. And equally to our shame and to the glory of these semi-civilized tribes, history should not forget that while it has taken us five long weary years of strife and contention to secure justice to the negro and the rehabilitation of the

Southern States, these semi-civilized Indian tribes solved this difficult and perplexing problem satisfactorily, and upon the broadest principles of true magnanimity and statesmanship, in less than six weeks. They not only repealed their odious and bigoted laws of confiscation, but they welcomed back to all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship their erring brethren who had gone South; and in the very first election held after the terrible scenes of contending passions that had laid waste their beautiful Territory, Colonel Downing, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, commander of a Union regiment, was voted for and elected Principal Chief by both loyal and late-rebel Indians alike. More than this: they not only enfranchised the negro and wiped out the last vestige of slavery among them, but they incorporated the freedmen into the tribes, and made them equal in all rights of property and suffrage with the other members. What lessons of magnanimity and real statesmanship might not thirty millions of white people have learned of these rude, semi-civilized tribes of the Indian Territory?

The council lasted four weeks. All the desires of the Government, as expressed by the Commissioners, were fully satisfied by the Indians; and in subsequent treaties about 13,000,000 acres of land have been ceded for the occupancy of friendly tribes from Kansas and elsewhere. The Cherokees, Creeks and Seminoles have also made liberal provisions and grants for railroad and other internal improvements, and for schools, churches, and general educational purposes.

The trip through the Indian Territory was an exceedingly pleasant one, though on every side we saw evidence of the waste and desolation which the war had brought upon one of the happiest and most prosperous, and in proportion to their population one of the wealthiest, peoples on the earth.

The ruined plantations; the burned, charred remains of the farm-houses; the rude, old-fashioned stone chimney still standing; the neglected orchard, unfenced; the scanty and straggling herds of stock, now grown wild, in place of the great droves of cattle and horses that formerly so largely enriched those tribes,—all gave evidence of "war's desolation," and the ruin that had been brought upon this people. We had the luxury of camp-life without its hardships—our good Uncle who presides over the "best government the sun ever shone upon" having provided us bountifully with the necessities of civilization, while our tables were loaded with every variety of wild game—turkey, prairie-chicken, quail, rabbit, fish, and venison. Did we hear a snake moving in the grass, and imagine its virus might be imparted to a limb, or was the pure water from the purling brook and the sparkling spring just a little brackish, there were wines and liquors as an antidote—provided "for medicinal purposes" by that kind Uncle of whom I have spoken. And it is astonishing how many imaginary snake-bites, and how much complaint of brackish water, are found among the stragglers of a jovial party organized under such circumstances!

Our first experience in camp-life occurred at Camp Cooley, on Cox creek, a few miles below Fort Scott,—where now are productive farms, thrifty and vigorous orchards started, a railroad in operation, and, for aught I know, a young city on the very site of the camp. We arrived in camp at four o'clock in the afternoon. An unusual hurry and bustle ensued. Tents were struck, horses picketed, the cavalry escort arranged in "battle array" for protection, and camp equipage and commissary stores were unloaded. Four colored men, dressed with scrupulous neatness, with clean white aprons and stiffly starched linen, commenced with alacrity at this fashionable hour the important work of pre-

paring dinner. A huge stove was unloaded, and the music of the tea-kettle was soon heard; potatoes were cooked, biscuit baked, ham fried, prairie-chicken broiled, fish fried, venison roasted—and these, with tea and coffee, canned beans, peas, corn, beets, pickles, peaches, cranberries, etc., made up a very respectable bill of fare to spread upon the clean white table-cloth under the protecting shade of the noble oak and ash and the generous lime and elm.

The Indian Territory lies south of Kansas, west of Arkansas, and north of Texas. It is 382 miles long, and 208 miles wide. It contains 70,456 square miles, and has about 50,000,000 acres of land. It would make seventy States of the size of Rhode Island, ten States of the size of Massachusetts, seven States of the size of Vermont, and is about twice the size of New York. There is scarcely a quarter-section of this magnificent domain that is not susceptible of cultivation. It is far superior to Kansas, Nebraska, or Missouri, as a stock and fruit-growing and grain-producing country. The principal streams and water-courses are the Arkansas, navigable to Fort Gibson, running from the mountains to the southeast, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, through the Territory; the Red Fork of the Arkansas, running from the west nearly east one hundred and fifty miles; the Grand or Neosho River, and the Verdigris, coming down from the north and emptying into the Arkansas at Fort Gibson. On the east side of the Arkansas is the Illinois River, rising in the mountainous region southeast of Fort Gibson and uniting with the Arkansas about thirty miles above Fort Smith. This is one of the prettiest rivers on this continent. Its banks are gravelly, and its bottom is covered with pebble-stones of uniform size and of almost every variety of color. The scenery along its shores is bold and picturesque. Lofty mountains, craggy peaks, abrupt

changes of the stream, rugged cliffs and sloping hill-sides covered with forest trees, vines, and every variety of wild-flowers, form a picture of rare and ever-changing variety and beauty. The stream is full of trout, bass, pickerel, sun-fish, pike, and perch. The peculiarity of this stream is its sparkling, crystal-like waters. From their mirrored surface every object is reflected with a peculiar and charming brilliancy. Colors are drawn out with great distinctness beneath its pure and limpid waters. Dr. McGowan, the European traveller, who has spent some thirty years in Japan as a missionary, pronounces this one of the three prettiest sheets of water in the world. He names first in the class Lake Geneva in Switzerland; second the waters in the harbor of Japan, and the third is the charming Illinois of the Indian Territory. West of the Arkansas, the Canadian River has its source far up on the Western plains, running a distance of two hundred and fifty miles through the Territory. Its tributaries are the North Fork, Deep Fork (emptying into the North Fork), Little River, We-wo-ka, and numerous smaller streams and creeks. Wachita and Red Rivers rise in Washita Mountains, and, running south of east, pass through the southern portion of the Territory. These rivers have numerous and extensive affluents. On the map, very much of this rich and productive country, with its broad and fertile valleys, its numerous streams and abundance of trees, appears without water and timber, and is marked as a portion of that terror and *terra incognita* of the old geographers—the Great American Desert, but which has been compelled of late years to assume very diminished proportions. The country has not been sectionized, and of course imperfectly surveyed—only exterior boundaries being required.

Pine and spruce are found in abundance on the Arkansas and the Illinois. Heavy bodies of timber are

found on all the rivers, creeks, and mountains, consisting of oak, ash, walnut, hickory, pecan, and cottonwood. The Indians have made good progress in agriculture, and, having the good sense to keep down the great annual prairie fires, more timber is found in the Indian Territory than in the other Western States and Territories. The prairies are usually small, the streams frequent and belted with timber. Coal has been discovered in various parts of the Territory. The Cherokee vein crops out in the southern part of Kansas in a vein about two feet in thickness, and increases in depth as it proceeds south into the Indian Territory, where it reaches a thickness of from four to six feet. Mines have been opened on the Verdigris and Arkansas rivers, which show inexhaustible coal deposits of a superior quality. Salt springs are innumerable, having a great volume and strength of brine. The Indians have for years, with their rude methods of manufacture, supplied the surrounding tribes and the people of Western Arkansas and Northern Texas. The rebel armies were in large part supplied with salt from the springs on the Illinois, Grand, and Canadian rivers. In the extreme western part of the Territory are the great salt plains, where salt is scraped up by the bushel and wagon-load.

Lands in the Indian Territory are held in common. Settlements are not allowed nearer than each quarter of a mile. Children inherit, in one sense, the estate of the parent—that is, they are allowed to remain upon the lands settled upon and improved by the parent; but all lands are owned by the tribe or nation at large. Severalty in real estate is not acknowledged. The settler cannot acquire a vested title to his lands, and no white settlers or others than members of the tribe are allowed permanent occupancy in the country. The several tribes are very cautious in granting

rights of "citizenship" or membership of the tribe. This is done—and it is rarely done—by act of legislative council. "Citizenship" is also acquired by marrying a member of the tribe. The tribes have a legislative council, a governor or principal chief, a written or printed constitution and laws similar to those of the States, schools and seminaries of learning, and a larger church membership in proportion to population than any of the Western States. The Cherokees are now conducting a very creditable and good-sized weekly newspaper, published at Talequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation; it is printed partly in the English language and partly in Cherokee. They have courts and civil officers of the law, similar to those in the States. Peace, quiet, and good order, the observance of law and safety to person, and protection in the rights of property, are guaranteed and secured. Life and property are as safe in the Indian Territory as anywhere in the United States.

The following summary shows the population of the several tribes of the Indian Territory, the amount of land owned by each tribe, funds held in trust by the Government for them, and other facts of interest:

Cherokees.—This tribe numbers 14,000. Ten years ago the tribe numbered 25,000. The ravages of the war and the exposures of the refugees in northern climates when driven out from their homes during the war of the Rebellion, have been the principal operating causes to produce this diminution of numbers. The Cherokees own in fee simple about 4,000,000 acres of land, and the United States Government holds in trust for them \$1,000,000, upon which annual interest is paid. In proportion to their numbers, the Cherokees, previous to the war, were the wealthiest people on the face of the globe. They owned immense herds of cattle, horses, and hogs. Large shipments of cattle were

annually made by them to New Orleans and other markets. One man owned twenty thousand head of cattle. Many others owned fifteen thousand, ten thousand, four thousand, one thousand, and five hundred head each. He was considered a very poor Indian who did not own three hundred head of stock. An army officer estimates that not less than three hundred thousand head of cattle were stolen from the Indian Territory during the war. The aggregate value of the stock stolen by both armies from the Indians during the war will fully reach *fifteen millions of dollars!*

Creeks.—The tribe of Creeks numbers 14,500. The females outnumber the males about 1,500. Ten years ago the tribe numbered 21,000. The Creeks own nearly 4,000,000 acres of land, and the United States Government holds in trust for them \$1,519,000.

Seminoles.—This tribe numbers less than 2,500. Their decrease during the last ten years has reached the astonishing rate of fifty per cent. Their present reservation consists of 200,000 acres, and the Government holds in trust for them \$670,000. The history of the Seminoles is a part of the history of the country—of the conflict between barbarism and civilization. Back in the everglades of Florida, the Government waged a long and disastrous war upon this tribe. A portion of their number there remain untamed and unsubdued; but the once heroic tribe that could defy the military prowess of Andrew Jackson can now barely muster the pitiable number of 300 warriors.

Choctaws and Chickasaws.—These tribes number respectively 15,000 and 4,500. Their decrease has been about twenty-five per cent. during the last ten years. The Government holds in trust for the Choctaws \$1,385,000, and for the Chickasaws \$400,000.

The climate of the Indian Territory is delightful. There is but little weather that could be called wintry.

The grass remains green all winter on the bottoms, and by the first of March planting commences. In February the small garden seeds, such as onions, radishes, lettuce, etc., are put into the ground. The soil is well adapted to corn, wheat, oats, cotton, and tobacco. As a fruit country the Indian Territory is unsurpassed. The Indians have as fine peach-orchards as are seen anywhere, and the flavor and quality of their apples are unequalled. Pears, plums, and cherries bear profusely. Wild grapes grow abundantly, and in size and quality are nearly equal to cultivated varieties. The flowers are beautiful beyond description; the prairies are one vast conservatory, blooming with every variety of wild-flowers.

In this beautiful and productive Indian Territory, the Government is attempting to solve the Indian problem. Here an attempt is being made to answer the question—What shall be done with our barbarian brethren? So far as the semi-civilized tribes are concerned, it is already answered satisfactorily. They can take care of themselves. They can compete with the superior civilization of the white race. Their Boudinots, Rosses, Downings, and Adairs, have the culture and talent that would adorn any representative position. But can this

magnificent domain of fifty millions of acres be kept sealed for the solution of the slow progress of Indian civilization? Candor compels a negative answer. Already the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway is building its line through the Territory, bisecting it from north to south. The breath of the engine will be the inspiration of a new life;—it will let in a flood-tide of civilization that nothing can resist. The attempt of the Government to lock up this great domain for experiment in the growth and development of Indian civilization will be futile and fruitless. The rubicon was passed when the locomotive crossed the southern boundary of Kansas. One hundred miles of this road will be built in the Indian Territory by the first of March next. Forty miles are now graded and ready for the iron. Civilization will demand the sectionizing of the lands, and that they be thrown open to settlement. The more intelligent of the semi-civilized tribes, appreciating the events of the near future, already advocate this policy, and the holding of land in severalty.

What shall be done with our barbarian brethren of the plains—the wild blanket Indians—is yet an unsolved problem.

PUBLIC OPINION IN POLITICS.

BY D. H. WHEELER.

THERE has probably been no Congressional Election during the last twenty years which has been approached by the people with so little concern and so little apprehension as that of the present year. Many persons are anxious for personal interests; a few are zealous for the fate of questions; but the many devote an unusually small amount of attention to politics. Doubtless we shall become less apathetic as the election approaches; but unless some new element enters the canvass there will be no general interest or enthusiasm.

The reasons are many, and some are not far to seek. We have been a good deal strained by excessive political work and agitation; a play-spell in politics is a luxury on which there has been a prohibitive tariff. It is natural that the men "out of politics" should be disposed to take some repose.

The result seems so inevitable that few Democrats can work with much enthusiasm; and, except in narrow districts, neither concern nor interest is awakened by the candidates or their platforms. We shall doubtless have a Congress containing a smaller Republican majority and a larger number of Revenue Reformers. A few more or a few less—that is the stake, and it could not well be an exciting one.

Perhaps our lack of interest in the voting arises mainly from the feeling that we are in a transition period of political life; that the issues which are in all men's minds are either obsolete—for example, Reconstruction,—or immature—for example, Revenue Reform. The Administration has com-

mitted no great sin demanding our rebuke; it has raised no great question requiring immediate settlement. The small sins of the gentlemen who govern at Washington are probably well balanced by some small virtues; and they have contrived rather shrewdly to put the brunt of the battle upon "the other end of the Avenue." If discontented Republicans wish to give the party a hearty kick, they must content themselves with abusing that small part of it contained in the clothes of a single Congressman. Often this meagre satisfaction is denied us by the modest subsidence of our late honorable Member of Congress into private life.

The gravest part of the situation is, that we have but begun to discuss the somewhat involved questions upon which we ought to vote. The issues raised by our vast money business—the collecting and disbursing of four or five hundred millions a year, by our banking system, by our tariff laws—have been only imperfectly digested by those who must vote. The ripe and final decision of public opinion will not be given at this election, because it has not yet been reached.

Some of these matters have been before an earlier generation of American voters, and many among us have studied them enough to reach convictions; but on the other hand, the great majority of us only began to think of them a few months ago, and, then or now, our thinking is disturbed by a distrust of our right to suspend the business of "hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,"—a distrust much increased by a journalism which insists that, as Republicans especially, we

have nothing to do with these "Free Trade and Protection crudities." The net result is that we are to hold an election for which we are not prepared; or perhaps I should rather say, we are to elect certain gentlemen to help us to think out our problems by discussing them before us in the national lyceum at Washington.

There is, however, a large amount of discontent in the Republican Party. This is primarily due to the fact that it has always been something more than a party in the old sense, but has recently shown tendencies to become too narrow and strait to contain all the diversities of opinion which new issues have raised into clamorous life. But the vast success achieved by Republicanism, a success which almost annihilated the opposition, has deprived discontent of its natural remedy—secession to the other side. In many particulars, the recent history of the Democratic Party is satisfactory to those Republicans who were educated in Democratic ideas of twenty years ago. The vagaries which have furnished forth their platforms are gradually disappearing, and the men who earned unenviable notoriety in the Rebellion years are yielding the chief places in the party to younger men. It is a pleasure to add that during the last Congress some of the ablest orators sat on the opposition benches. Much more might be said to show that the brave old party which evil fate thrust upon the rocks of a civil war, is still endowed with much of its old sagacity, and is recovering its old ideas. In short, it is undergoing reconstruction; but it is not yet reconstructed. No discontented Republican can yet feel that he is invited back to the Democratic Party of 1844. Whether the process of reconstruction is to go on depends very much upon the issue of that debate within the Republican Party which is just beginning, and which promises to continue through two years at least. Republican unity has encountered a serious obstacle.

The question is, whether the method of harmonizing differences which has served us for ten years will fail us now. The peculiarity of that method is, that ideas have gone up or down, not by a tally of votes, but by weight in the scales of Public Opinion.

It is a healthful symptom that we are able to criticise the party in power, and still confess that its supremacy in the immediate future is required by our largest interests. We notice with undisguised satisfaction a decided improvement in the character and policy of the minority, and with no less satisfaction the growth of a body of men indifferent to mere party success; but our sober judgment refuses to approve an effort to give the Democratic Party the keys of national authority, and we realize that the Revenue Reformers in the Republican Party can, for the present, only arrest the extreme tendencies of the great party, and must educate the rest of us before they can hope to control the nation. One of two things ought to happen to us in the near future: the consolidation of the minority around broad and permanent issues, and their growth into something approaching a half of the voters by the return of former Democrats to their ranks and the recruitment of a "Young Democracy;" or, the definite recognition of that new theory and practice of party organization which is implied in the notion of one only National Union Party. The first implies a change of parties in power not later than 1876; the other requires that the Republican Party shall recover and maintain the flexibility of its first years of power. It has not escaped attention that the old idea of two equally national and equally, or nearly equally, balanced parties—Whig and Democrat, or Liberal and Tory—about equally diffused geographically, contending for the offices and alternating in their control, is really a very delicate political machine, easily put out of repair and wholly unfitted for heroic work. So

long as holding office is the supreme function, and geographical distribution is perfect, the instrument passably suffices. But so soon as something needs to be done, it is excessively inconvenient that one-half of us are *ex-officio* bound to opposition. The evils of imperfect geographical distribution of parties are seen in Illinois—Republican in the north, and Democratic in the south; one result of which is, that in the Legislature there has been, practically, no criticism of local legislation for some years.

The ten years of political history just passed over have furnished us a model for a new political organization. The guns of Sumter shattered all parts of our party machinery, and we began a new order of political life. Old historical forces were subordinated to a new and stronger one, rising to authority in the hour of our need—the national union idea as the bond of an increasing majority of the people. This idea was strong enough to save the nation; it was not strong enough to resist all efforts to narrow it to the uses of partisan ambition. Two circumstances limited it: the office-holding function and the vast increase of our revenue. The two are very closely related; for increase of revenue meant increase of places to be filled. It happened naturally that the National Union Party was always somewhat shorn of its vigor by the degrading duties of a distributor of spoils, and that when the peril of rebellion passed away the evil genius of the old parties returned with reinforcements.

The essential element of the new system, almost unconsciously inaugurated by Mr. Lincoln, was Government by Public Opinion. Nine-tenths of the questions raised by the war never went to the polls at all, and it is doubtful whether any went there except as a piece of political ceremony. Under the guidance, frank and flexible, of a political genius which boasted that it took "a public opinion bath every day," the Republican Party was

able to settle satisfactorily a crowd of questions with amazing rapidity. It would have required a hundred years of campaigns and elections had each of these issues taken its turn at the ballot-box. In fact, the least disturbed conditions of political life and the most equable progress defy the scrutiny of the polls. A quadrennial election is a kind of audit of accounts; but it is inevitable that two or three items absorb the popular attention, and a vast multitude escape altogether from critical observation. The political utility of the new implements of social life—types, steam, and electricity—is, that they render possible an incessant supervision of public affairs by Public Opinion.

One of the essential conditions of the new system is the complete separation of legislation from administration; or, to speak to our need, that a legislator shall have nothing whatever to do with the clerical function of administration. Happily for us, this divorce was decreed by the Constitution as to all points where union has been found corrupting; and it is probable that we only need now some thoroughly practical methods of introducing and working a non-partisan civil service. If the spoils of office were to disappear from our political arenas, the whole business of government "by the people and for the people" would be wonderfully simplified; so much so that a National Union Party, perpetually moulded to new forms and assigned to new duties by Public Opinion, tolerating all opinions and yielding authority to all triumphant ones, might become the permanent guardian of the public welfare.

These are only hints towards defining the direction of that political progress which we are surely making. The ideas which our fathers saw rather as ideals and visions than as practical systems worked out into minute details, these same ideas are to be elaborated, defined and worked by the men

of this generation. The political seers of the Revolution were distrusted in their day, and it is to be expected that political science will be subject to some hostility in our time; but the wonder after all is, that the class among us who ought to make political laws a scientific study are so far behind-hand with their work, and that the

supply of systematic political science is so far short of the demand. And even if we must go back to or abide in the system of Majority and Minority parties, it is safe to say that the organization which fosters the study and spirit of scientific progress in political methods will command the future.

SENTENCED AND SHOT.

BY R. S. SHEPPARD.

WHEN the war closed, I was "in at the death";—otherwise I should not have this story to tell.

Shreveport, 1865, made amends for Sumter, 1861.

A braggart could have fired the first gun—none but a hero the last; and while the first battle was lost by recruits, the last was won by veterans.

It was simply brave and generous to fall in the first charge,—but it was purely noble and heroic to die in the last. The first fresh rush of patriotic blood from the heart to the head could have easily carried the recruit up to the cannon's mouth;—but it was quite another thing that carried him through a four years' war, and flung him into the thickest of the last charge, to die as the enemy sounded the final retreat.

Life becomes very dear when you have fought your way from Bull Run to Petersburg—from Belmont to Mobile. To be shot by a rebel at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1861, is not at all like being shot by your friends at Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1865.

I returned from Shreveport to New Orleans after the surrender of Kirby Smith's army—all that was left of it—just in time, to be ordered by Sheridan to report to Custer for duty with

the second Cavalry Division of the Military Department of the Gulf. The orders were to rendezvous at Alexandria, Louisiana, and after due preparation, to march across the country into Texas, for the purpose of re-establishing the authority of the Government—to follow up victory with occupation.

Among the regiments ordered to report to the General there, was the ill-fated Second Cavalry. It had suffered somewhat from indifferent field officers, but more from that bad fortune which overtook so many Western regiments in the shape of garrison duty in small squads or squadrons, so scattered as to make each a sort of independent command, which in the end resulted in a loss of discipline and the ruin of those bonds of sympathy that bound most regiments firmly together. To lead such a regiment into a hotly-contested fight would be a blessing, and would effectually set at rest all such trouble; but their fighting had been altogether of the guerilla kind, and there was no regimental pride of character, simply because there had been no regimental deed of valor.

Two colonels had resigned—one to accept promotion, and the other to return home,—and a lieutenant-colo-

nel had failed to succeed to their spread-eagles; and the majority of the regiment would have rejoiced if, in his wrathful disappointment, he had thrown away his silver leaves and gone home too. But he never dreamed of it. Whether justly or unjustly, he was despised by his command; and only held his place by sheer force of will, backed by the authorities above him.

Such was the condition of the regiment when it reported for duty. Tired out with the long service,—weary with an uncomfortable journey by river from Memphis,—sweltering under a Gulf-coast sun, under orders to go farther and farther from home when the war was over and the one desire above all others was to be mustered out and released from a service that became irksome and baleful when a prospect of crushing the enemy no longer existed,—all these, added to the disaffection among the officers, rendered the situation truly deplorable. In fact, the men of the whole division were more or less discontented, and would have been troublesome under any commander and any circumstances that kept them in the service; but to be thoroughly organized and subjected to the discipline necessary to the maintenance of good order, and to be forced to treat with consideration the very people whose country they had acquired a chronic habit of devastating—and that, too, by a man whom they called a “yellow-haired circus-rider from the Shenandoah,”—this seemed to them to be almost beyond the limit of human endurance.

The command had hardly pitched their tents and kindled their camp-fires before the spirit of reckless disregard of authority began to manifest itself. The men hated the Commanding General and staff “on principle,” without regard to what they did. “No *Eastern* man can put on style over us!” “Bright buttons and spurs don’t make a soldier!” “It’s too late

to teach us Army of the Potomac notions!” “The war is over,—why don’t they send us home, instead of sending this upstart Major-General, with his first mustache, to lord it over us?” These are such speeches as one could hear at almost any hour of the day or evening, when wandering through the camp; and they were delivered with such emphasis and ill-suppressed bitterness that the effect was exceedingly ugly.

Immediately the men, singly and in squads, began to go on extemporaneous raids through the adjoining country, robbing and plundering indiscriminately in every direction. “They’re all d—d rebs, let’s go for them!”—and they did it with an evident relish. They seemed to have no idea that a conquered and subdued people could possibly have any rights that the conquerors were bound to respect. But such expeditions could not be permitted; indeed, the General was under orders to treat the people kindly and considerately, and he obeyed orders with the same punctiliousness with which he exacted obedience from his command. Therefore the most rigorous and explicit orders were issued against “jayhawking” of every kind, and the offenders were severely punished. But the ordinary punishments were found to be utterly inadequate. The guard-house, police duty, extra duty, etc., had lost their terrors; and punishments had to be devised that would reach a class of men and offences unprovided for in the “Regulations.”

The storm which had been brewing so many months in the ranks of the Second Cavalry, suddenly burst upon it. A paper, demanding the resignation of the Lieutenant-Colonel, had been largely signed by officers and men, and presented to him. This was the flint that struck out fire. In half an hour the officers whose names appeared on that fatal list were deprived of their swords, and the catastrophe was no longer to be avoided.

Blood was in the eyes of the soldiers, and none in the cheeks of the officers;—vengeance was in the hearts of the men, and fear in the souls of the commanders. There was a quick roll of the drum—a few explosive orders—a sudden rush—a sort of dizzy whirl; the Lieutenant-Colonel narrowly escaped,—and, by a quick movement of the guard, a Sergeant and several men, whose names were on the paper, were arrested and lodged in the guard-house. A double force was posted to prevent the rescue of the prisoners—and the immediate danger was over.

After the storm, the calm. The anxiety of some men to get into trouble is only exceeded by their solicitude to get out of it. It happened so with these. The violence and headlong haste of the action was eclipsed only by that of the reaction. To the swordless officers musing in their separate tents, and the imprisoned soldiers discussing the affair behind their bars, there came, in due time, repentance and regret.

Through the clemency of the man whom they sought to destroy, there was at last afforded, on certain conditions, the opportunity to erase their names from that black muster-roll, and secure restoration to duty. Some quickly, others reluctantly, but finally all, availed themselves of the absolute—except one, the Sergeant, the leader, the prime mover and champion of the affair.

He scorned forgiveness; it implied an acknowledgment of guilt. He would stand by the deed; whatever the law called it, he held it just resistance to tyranny. He had sought no man's life. He had felt—"We cannot live together; therefore do thou go thy way, and I will mine;"—and he had simply said so. If that were a crime, he could not help it. No matter if a thousand men *were* cowards; *he* had not the blood of a poltroon in his veins. He should never promise—touch his hat, and, bowing

low, beg to have his name blotted out of that list. His soul revolted at it. He would live and die by that solemn protest against the authority of a dominating coward and incompetent commander.

So the law took him and tried him before a General Court-Martial, found him *Guilty*, and sentenced him "to be shot to death." The General approved the finding and sentence of the court; and the day and hour of the execution were fixed in an order that was read, on a certain evening at dress-parade, to each regiment of the division. And with the words of that order, a cloud fell on the whole command.

The law was inexorable, and the court had no alternative. Being guilty, this was the punishment prescribed, without that saving clause which puts the offender at the mercy of the court—"or such other punishment as the court may direct." But did he deserve death? Not a man in all the command believed it. The men knew it was the letter of the law that was slaying him; but how to invoke its spirit, and whether the spirit could save him if it would, sorely puzzled them. They were satisfied that he should be punished, but by something less severe and irrevocable than death.

With what crushing weight the thought came home to their hearts, that a good soldier, a true patriot, was to be shot for a technicality, at the end of a long war through which he had faithfully served! How they talked about that lonesome, weary wife, and her eager and expectant children, away at the North, watching with bated breath the opening of the mail that was so soon, if not to-day, to bring her the news of the final discharge of the Second Cavalry! Who could hold a pen to write this other news in its stead? Who could send home to her the picture of her own sweet face, with the curl of baby's hair on the glass, as he

had worn it next his heart so many years, through all danger by flood and field, and write the words—"This, with his undying love, he bade me send to you—his last request"?

Did ever the reluctant days drag a man to such hopeless, bootless doom?

If only he had fallen on some fierce battle-field, madly striking for his country! If only he had been slain on the picket-line, piloting the grand old army to victory! If he could have died in the hospital, slowly wasted away by incurable wounds or disease, or been sacrificed in a Southern prison, enduring outrage and starvation with the fortitude born of honor and patriotism! If only in any way his blood might have been reckoned as a part of the price paid for liberty and free government!

But no—none of these. The very record of his devotion to his country's cause, and of his faithful years of untiring service, was to be blotted out. His memory was to be blackened forever, and his name to become a legacy of shame to his children;—and yet they knew he was conscious of no crime!

Was it possible to save him in any way? Could he be pardoned, or his sentence be commuted? Yes, but only one man could do it—the General. *Would* he do it? Only one man in all the command could ask it and hope to be heard—the Lieutenant-Colonel. *Would he* do it?

The days of respite passed rapidly, and the anxiety and sympathy for the doomed man constantly increased in a cumulative ratio. At last the indispensable man arrived at division headquarters with a "Petition for Pardon," and asked the staff to sign it. Every valid reason that could be found was urged, and he went away with all our names. He fared the same at the brigade headquarters; and by the time he reached the commanders of regiments, who all signed it, the report had rejoiced the hearts of every tent-squad in the whole di-

vision. They *knew* it would be granted,—the General could not avoid it; he wouldn't *dare* to shoot him in the face of that list of names. There was a threat of vengeance lurking in every expression of joy. "If—," "If—."

Armed with the petition, the Lieutenant-Colonel went to the General, and, gathering up all the eloquence of all the arguments, laid the case before him. He would "consider the matter";—and the Colonel was dismissed.

A day passed by without an answer. Another, and still no reply. The third—some anxiety was manifested. The fourth—the solicitude increased. On the fifth day the old fear seized them. The sixth—not a word spoken;—to-morrow, "between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock—" they lay in squads, scattered through the camps, talking until late into the night, not caring to sleep; and the *reveille* seemed to break in upon their first nap.

The morning wore away in the midst of its usual duties.

Seven o'clock—Breakfast. There was the usual hum throughout the camps, the neighing of the horses, and the voices of the men calling back and forth as they straggled in, each to his own mess. Once more, as they drank their coffee and ate their hard-bread and bacon, grumblingly denouncing the shortcoming of the *commisariat*, they wondered if it were yet possible for the General to speak.

Eight o'clock—Sick-call. The orderlies reported their latest candidates, the surgeons prescribed, the hospital stewards provided for them; and the sick men, lying on their cots in anguish, turned to inquire of their new neighbors if the word had yet been spoken.

Nine o'clock—Guard-mounting. The first-sergeants hastily summoned their "details" and reported to the adjutants on the parade-grounds. The ceremony over, the corporals pro-

ceeded to post the "first relief"; and each man, as he resigned his charge and "fell in" at the rear, asked eagerly for the news.

Nine-and-a-half o'clock—the bugle sounded "Boots and Spurs."

There were no more questions. From the mere force of habit, the men obeyed the summons; and by ten o'clock the whole division was in motion. Silently, sullenly, the troops moved away from camp, down the main road; and, one brigade after another, regiment by regiment, were formed in hollow-square around a large vacant sugar-field adjoining the town. The General and staff passed through the line, moved forward to the centre of the square, and, being drawn up in line, awaited the appearance of the solemn *cortege*.

Slowly down the road from the guard-house it came, entered the square, and marched along the inward-facing lines of troops, entirely around the open space—the guard, the firing party with arms reversed, the wagon drawn by four large horses, with their sad-faced driver seated above; and in the wagon, with their arms pinioned behind them, each on his own coffin, facing the rear, rode two men, and took their last leave of their comrades.

This second man was a private from the Fourth Cavalry, and was tried and condemned by the same court as the Sergeant, for desertion—the third or fourth offence. He had been a vagabond and criminal before he became a soldier; and never having been a patriot, he was a deserter from the first, and was paying the just penalty of his crimes, without even the pity and commiseration of his own mess-mates.

The sunshine; the cloudless sky; the songs of birds; the graceful swaying of the long festoons of Spanish moss in the near woods; the shallow, murky river hastening away to the Gulf; the dreary old tumble-down village behind its dilapidated levee;

the long-haired, swarthy, ill-clad remnants of the late Confederate army gathered at the street corners; the distrustful, impoverished citizens moving about disconsolately; the *débris* of two armies scattered in every direction; the outlying, devastated sugar-plantations covered with camps, and this one the scene of an imposing military execution;—these were the obvious details of a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Down into the hearts of five thousand men it sank—photographed by the indelible and impalpable chemicals of the mind, there to remain forever. They felt the wheels of that monstrous hearse tugging at all their heart-strings, as if they strove to chain them with their sympathies, and forever hold them back from the end of that sorrowful journey.

At last the procession reached the place of entering, filed out into the field, and halted a short distance in front of the General and staff. The men were assisted down from the wagon and seated upon their coffins at the foot of their graves. Eight men, with pallid faces, halted in line a few paces before them, and exchanged their carbines for those specially loaded for the occasion by the Provost Marshal, who had charge of all the arrangements. He had loaded seven of them with ball, but the eighth with a blank cartridge—leaving the men in merciful uncertainty, allowing each to think that perhaps his was the harmless shot.

There was no more delay. Everything was done quickly, and with the utmost precision. The Provost Marshal read his warrant for the execution, drew the fatal caps over the eyes of the prisoners, stepped back a little, and, in the midst of the most awful silence, commanded:

"Attention!—Ready!"

The clicking of those eight locks was horrible. The victims stirred a little, as it were involuntarily. The air seemed stifling. The calm, monotonous regularity of the commands

was excruciating. The apparently heartless and business-like manner of the Marshal was maddening.

Instantly he slipped to the side of the Sergeant, and lightly pulling his sleeve, led him a few steps aside; then, before the action could be fully realized, commanded:

"Aim!—Fire!"

There was a crashing blast—a cloud of smoke—a dull, heavy "thud" as the soldier fell back dead on his coffin, and the Sergeant fell limp and motionless into the arms of the Marshal, who stooped down upon one knee to set him on the other, and, pulling off the black cap, nursed him back to life and consciousness.

There was a murmur of grateful applause along the whole line. The General had not been intimidated, and yet had granted the prayer of his men. He had punished the Sergeant severely, and yet been merciful to them both; he had spared the life of one, though *sentenced*, and kept a knowledge of it from the other, though *shot*.

We didn't know then that the Second Cavalry went out to the execution with loaded carbines, and forty rounds in their cartridge-boxes; if we had, we might not have felt quite at ease—but it could have made no other difference.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

LIKE bannered host, with helmet, plume, and spear,
Far borne elate, from thousand battles gory,
The flaming woodlands glow. These, year by year,
Are Nature's palimpsest—whereon, austere
In winter gloom, or gay in summer glory,
Is writ with magic pen the wondrous story
Of all the circling year.

How thrills my bosom to thy tempered rays,
More fair than radiant smiles in beauty's keeping!
Through all the quiet of thy golden days
Lie all things mantled in a dreamy haze—
Like wearied bosom in its tranquil sleeping,
Like gentle calm that cometh after weeping:
Thine are the loveliest days!

They tell us of a far-off sunny clime
With noontide sheen on tropic splendors lying,
Where all the year is one long blooming-time—
Where song of Flora, in her joy and prime,
Wakes minstrel Echo with a joy replying
From morning's dawning until vesper's sighing,
Through all the charmed time.

Thy light, o'erlying all the azure wall,
So softly mellowed in its peerless shining;
Thy sober-kindling sunshine over all,
That lingers even where the shadows fall;
Thy frosted wreath, the vernal season's twining;
Thy faded scrolls, thine own fond first love's lining, —
These do surpass them all!

See yonder up what goodly altitudes!
Supreme heights, more tranquil air, unveiling,
Along the hills a purple glory broods;
In all the silence of the autumn woods —
A royal robe of tinted splendor trailing
O'er shrub and tree, unto rare beauty paling —
A subtle spirit broods,

Like smile that trembles in love's sorrowing tear;
Like fond regret some tender thought suffusing;
Like heart high throbbing with a wealth of cheer,
Though known of grief, nor stranger unto fear,
Though lone and saddened, yet in cheerful musing,
When some high faith hath recompensed its losing
With well-enduring cheer.

Though stilled the chorus of the choral throng,
More red than mountain peaks that sunset umbers
Lies all the grove, late clamorous with song;
A sacred calm these forest aisles along,
A holy hush, a Sabbath quiet slumbers;
A silent music breathes in mystic numbers,
Sweeter than any song.

I lowly listen to each Dryad rune,
Through lonely woodland haunts extatic straying,
While all day long is one long afternoon;
Had Eden fairer sublunary boon,
Than Nature ever at this height delaying? —
Such rainbow-tinted sundowns her arraying,
Gorgeous, at highest noon.

Brief are thy halcyon suns, and fleeting fast,
Though yet October's milder reign imposing,
As though thine hour most beauteous were last;
Like faithful spirit when its strife is passed,
In bosom of a deathless hope reposing:
So may my days, when hastening to their closing,
Grow brighter till the last!

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF ILLINOIS.

THERE are certain provisions in the new Constitution of Illinois which clearly mark a forward movement in human government. We believe it is quite generally agreed among publicists and thinkers familiar with the fundamental laws of the various States of the American Union, that whereas the old Constitution of Illinois was certainly the worst, the new instrument is, upon the whole, the best. It is too soon to decide upon the correctness of the latter clause of this opinion. That constitution must be the best which works the best; and the new Constitution has not been practically tested at all,—unless the inauguration, in part, of the new judicial system for the city of Chicago be regarded as a partial test. It may well be argued, however, that much of it has been tested in parts, as it were, because much of it is borrowed from provisions in the constitutions of other States, which have been found admirably to sustain the test of practical operation, being the means by which acknowledged benefits have been conferred upon the body politic of whose supreme law such provisions form a part.

Before speaking of a few salient points in the new Constitution, we may remark that the instrument is carefully, skilfully, and, we believe, wisely drawn, as a whole. By this we mean to say that the different parts harmonize well, one with another; that a free, liberal, just system of government, in its different departments—legislative, executive, and judicial—is marked out as clearly as ought ever to be the case in any fundamental law, it not being consistent

with liberty that there should be no dispute in these provisions, nor compatible with progress that they should not in themselves have elasticity of idea. The provisions of the Constitution in respect to popular rights are wise and liberal. Popular education is amply provided for. The power of corporations is carefully guarded, and all special charters are prohibited. In fine, it may hardly be doubted by candid minds that the instrument will accomplish the object of a supreme directory body of law for the guidance of the people and organized government in a republican state, in the way of safety, happiness, and prosperity. When a constitution does this successfully, it fills the sphere of its obligations to political society.

Having thus, very briefly, expressed our mature opinion upon the Constitution as a whole, we may now proceed to call attention to a few of its provisions which deserve special comment.

There is no better definition to be found anywhere, we think, of religious liberty, than the definition of religious liberty in the new Constitution of Illinois. It is in these words: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination, shall forever be guaranteed, and no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege, or capacity, on account of his religious opinions; but the liberty of conscience hereby secured shall not be construed to dispense with oaths or affirmations, excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the State." If the liberty of con-

science has ever been more broadly stated, we do not know it. If the limitations of the liberty of conscience have ever been more accurately drawn, we do not know where to find the draft. The boundary between liberty and license, freedom and injustice, as pertaining to religious matters, is here laid down with philosophical correctness. It is a triumph of genuine statesmanship, whenever and by whomsoever originated.

Nor is it a matter of purely theoretical importance. Every one will agree that the problem presented to American statesmanship by polygamy in Utah, for instance, is neither easy of solution nor altogether theoretical in nature. An abstract error has there, at any rate, resulted in a monstrous concrete result. Religious liberty has there resulted in a terrible state of affairs. The reason is, religious liberty is not absolute, and cannot be, any more than civil liberty can be absolute. There must be limitations, until the time when we shall all be saints—not in Utah, but where they neither give nor are given in marriage. Those limitations are correctly laid down in the Illinois Constitution. The provisions, we may remark further, might serve as a valuable subject of reflection for those new philosophers who have recently arisen among us, teaching that men and women ought to marry as we lease our houses, for a term of years; that children ought to be reared on the plan adopted by those sagacious beasts, wild horses; and, generally, that most things held sacred by Christendom are in reality little better than gas and gaiters, chops and tomato-sauce. We need scarcely add that we refer to those new philosophers who, in the name of free thinking, advocate miscellaneous prostitution. "Free thinking" with a vengeance! It is not thinking at all. It is pure viciousness.

While the provisions of the new

Constitution upon the subject of revenue are in the main well considered, the section in respect to a sort of taxation, falsely so called, which has in most States of the Union resulted in grave difficulties and severe hardships, is the announcement at once of a philosophical idea and a principle for the guidance of statesmanship. We refer, of course, to the section which prohibits all municipal corporations from assessing taxes for the benefit of private corporations. The prohibition is very emphatic: "No county, city, town, township, or other municipality, shall ever become subscriber to the capital stock of any railroad or private corporation, or make donation to, or loan its credit in aid of, such corporation."

Here, we perceive, is an acknowledgment of a right absolute in the individual, against society and against government. There is, then, some limitation, somewhere, to the powers of government, and the rights of majorities, however great. A majority of one may assess a proper tax, and make it burdensome in amount. A majority of a million cannot, by taxation, take a penny from a minority of one for expenditure upon matters not pertaining to the state. The incorporation of this doctrine in the fundamental law of a great commonwealth like Illinois, is of vast import. And this, not only because the opposite doctrine would inevitably result, as it has resulted elsewhere, in great practical ills, but because the idea here announced is the very idea which the progressive men of the whole world adopt as that by the triumph of which the next notable forward movement of mankind is to be accomplished. The acknowledgment of absolute individual right in one instance is likely to be followed by its acknowledgment in other instances. The logical result will be that all systems of taxation whatsoever, and all particular taxes for any other purpose than the direct support

of government, must pass away. Thus the sphere of government will be diminished, and the liberty of the individual correspondingly enlarged. And such has ever been the way of the progress of mankind, wherever there has been progress, and will continue to be the way until the goal of perfect democracy shall be reached. When mankind shall be worthy of perfect democracy, there will be very little law for taxation or for other purposes, and very little use of that. Every step made in the right direction, and every acknowledgment of the true principle, are grateful to the thoughtful, liberal men of the age.

That provision of the Constitution which is unique in its nature is in the domain of political rights; a provision affecting the people in their primary capacity as voters. It extends the individual liberty of each citizen at the very place where every citizen exercises the most important of his political rights—that of voting. We allude to the provision in regard to what has been called, but not with exact philosophical accuracy “minority representation.” We quote the provision upon this subject in full: “The House of Representatives shall consist of three times the number of the members of the Senate, and the term of office shall be two years. Three representatives shall be elected in each senatorial district at the general election in the year of our Lord 1872, and every two years thereafter. In all elections of representatives aforesaid, each qualified voter may cast as many votes for one candidate as there are representatives to be elected, or may distribute the same in equal parts thereof among the candidates, as he shall see fit; and the candidates highest in votes shall be declared elected.”

Of the mere partizan probable effect of this provision we need not speak, further than to say it will have a tendency to nominate good men and ruin preliminary chicanery. It is a

radical reform in political affairs, which, it is confidently expected, will have a beneficent effect in the management of parties and in the legislation of the State. In this expectation we earnestly take part, and regret that it could not be provided in the Constitution that the first House of Representatives under it should be elected on the new plan. Should the anticipated happy effect of the provision take place, the plan would undoubtedly be extended to the election of other officers, and Illinois will in that case occupy the leading position in a reform of sufficient importance to make the name of the State illustrious in political history.

That a Constitution so well framed, as a whole, and having so many particular merits, should yet fail to provide for a revised code of legal practice and pleadings, is matter for deep regret. Under the present system, the incognoscibility of the law, as Jeremy Bentham called it, results in injustice and great wrong. The interminable delays of courts of chancery formed the basis for one of the most powerful works of the imagination ever written—Mr. Dickens's “Bleak House.” That great novel was the means of reforming the British Court of Chancery, of greatly abating its mischiefs, but not of removing them. When we consider that such courts have jurisdiction of the most complicated class of cases, and the most important, and that it can almost be said there is no end to a chancery suit, we need not wonder that men will suffer much before entering upon one, as they must inevitably suffer before they can get out of it. The Constitution should have provided for the abolition of the distinction between law and equity, and of all the old forms of pleadings. They are the useless rubbish of the past; part of a system originally founded, as John Stuart Mill remarks, “on a kind of whims and conceits,” in part, and partly on the

principles and incidents of feudal tenure. As to the third part of this old system, it may be attributed to a kind of fiction, and as poor a kind as was ever imagined, at that. The reform we here speak of has been long since adopted in a majority of the States of the American Union, and has everywhere resulted in the good of the public by a more speedy and economical administration of justice.

But, notwithstanding this almost unpardonable omission, the Constitution is justly worthy of favorable judgment, and will be the means, we cannot doubt, of conferring many and lasting benefits upon the State of Illinois, and of leading the way to political reforms, in that State and elsewhere, which shall prove to be valuable to all mankind.

CAVING IN.

BY H. R. HAINES.

IT was Christmas night, and the ground was covered with one of those deep-drifting snows that whitened even Kentucky in the rare winter of 1855-6. A cutting wind turned the fine crystals into needles as they drove against the unlucky traveller who happened to be going the wrong way; but the temptation of a sleigh-ride was not to be resisted, and the roads were sprinkled with gay parties in every imaginable and unimaginable turnout, heedless of the driving storm, and enjoying the unusual discomfort as a first-class luxury.

No keen blasts, however, found their way into the grand old parlor at Harrington House, where a company of guests, collected from all the plantations for twenty miles around, were dancing out Christmas to the sound of Uncle Joe's fiddle—a time-honored instrument, whose effects were not dissimilar to those produced by the lyre of Orpheus. Even stately Grandma Gilmer, who usually sat in her arm-chair as if she had been rooted like one of the trees worked upon by the musician of old—even she left her throne and joined heart and hand in the "Virginia Reel," quite putting to shame certain degenerate youngsters

by her intimate knowledge of its convolutions. She was a fine specimen of an English gentlewoman;—although now past the allotted threescore years and ten, she still retained the erect carriage and gentle dignity of manner that marked her when she came as my grandfather's bride from "Merrie England," more than half a century before. It was they who built the Kentucky manor-house, whose substantial architecture savored more of the land they had left than of the balloon frame style peculiar to Young America.

At Harrington House, as I was saying,

"The cheeks of Christmas glowed red and jolly."

In each end of the drawing-room was a huge fireplace, piled nearly to the top with good stout hickory, all ablaze, through which rose "the Yule log's roaring tide." Midway in the outer wall opened a bay-window of magnificent proportions; and as it is said that a regiment of soldiers can be lost to view in one of the side chapels of St. Peter's, even so might a whole wedding-party—

"Bridesmaids and kinsmen and brothers and all,"
with a full-robed priest into the bar-

gain—ensconce themselves in the bay-window, and the heavy crimson curtains be drawn before them without betraying their whereabouts to an outsider. The servants, one and all, appeared at the open folding-doors leading into the hall—the little ones in a row on the sill, and tier on tier rising behind them, according to stature, until a set of stalwart Goliaths brought up the rear. Every ebony face displayed wonderful rows of white teeth, and the brightest of bright eyes gleaming out from their dark setting, apparently well pleased to be spectators of aristocratic frolics instead of partakers in those which the field-hands were keeping more uproariously in their own "quarters."

Over the folding-doors branched out a pair of such enormous antlers that one might almost suspect them of belonging to the composite order of architecture, made up of the best materials, like the skeleton of the famous sea-serpent; but their pedigree was too well known. The walls were covered with what had been the art treasure of my boyhood—"angel-paper" we used to call it—whereon cupids in various attitudes disported among garlands of all shapes and colors, formed principally of flowers supposed to have grown in gardens celestial, from the difficulty of finding their prototypes upon earth. On either side of the north fireplace hung my grandparents' portraits—the husband, a portly Englishman, with powdered hair and rubicund complexion; the wife, now his widow, taken in her old age, delicate, gentle, placid, in spite of the wrinkles of seventy winters, with fair, slender hands, that had never lost the graceful proportions of youth. She, with dear Aunt Mildred, her unmarried daughter, were the only permanent occupants of the family mansion; but a constant succession of visitors kept the hospitable table well filled, from the ringing in of the new year to the sighing out of

the old. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, brought each its own accession to the board; and the horn of plenty with which Providence had graced it, poured forth continual showers of abundance.

At what would have been scarcely more than a stone's throw from the house in the days when Washington threw stones, though in our times it might be called twice as far, lived my grandmother's eldest son, with his family. In my school-boy days my pretty cousin Edith, his daughter, had caused great havoc in my young affections, and I had come back from college thinking that I might do a worse thing than to fall in love with her over again; but all dreams of this sort were brought to an end by the unexpected apparition of a *fiancée*, one Sydney Raymond, whose claims to a place in the family circle were announced for the first time that Christmas night. This gave the crowning grace to our festivities; and though I experienced that little heart-pang which afflicts every young man when he knows that any maiden has been cut off from his list of possibilities, I gave her up to him with a good grace. They were a charming couple—my cousin graceful, gay, and womanly, with the soft, shy light of newly-awakened love glowing in those liquid hazel-nuts, her eyes; my cousin-in-law—that-was-to-be, manly and dignified, tender and protecting. Numerous were the attempts, and as frequent the failures, to get them together under the great bunch of mistletoe suspended from the ceiling; but these unsuccessful efforts had the good effect of bringing many damsels concerned in the plot into perilous situations, from which they could be extricated only by unconditional surrender.

All jolly parties must have an end—that is the worst of them; and so it came to pass that about midnight our revellers broke up their games and prepared to return home, in spite of

hospitable urging from those who were at home already. It was in vain that these pointed to the driving snow, and declared that all could be stowed away under their ample roof;—the prospect of a sleigh-ride was too much for them, and all prepared for braving the storm. Such a collection of equipages as made their appearance at the door that night, defies description. The snow had come so unexpectedly that all that could be done was to improvise a pair of runners for each vehicle, of which the body and connections were such as it pleased the fates to furnish. Small row-boats—hogsheads sawed in two—kitchen tables turned upside down—were only a small part of these creations of genius. An Irish car was formed of a sofa; a trundle-bed, well-filled with laughing girls, was voted the very acme of comfort; and one adventurous young man had elevated the most comfortable arm-chair he could find into the position of a sulky. As each establishment drew up before the wide-spreading porch, it was greeted with a fresh outburst of mirth. The last guest that drove away was Sydney Raymond, who was obliged for the nonce to waive the privilege of accompanying his *fiancée*—his mother and sisters being dependent on his services as cavalier.

"We shall expect you to breakfast to-morrow, Sydney," called out Mr. Gilmer, as the sleigh (a grand piano box, well-lined with buffalo robes) disappeared into the darkness. "And now, Edith," he continued, turning to his daughter, "you and Harry may as well stay here to-night. The rest of us must go; but there is no occasion for your ploughing through the snow, and you can come over to breakfast. We will have a path cut through in the morning."

So it was arranged; but her father was scarcely out of hearing before Edith remembered that she had left her darling mocking-bird in a room where he would be liable to freeze at

night, though warm enough in the daytime. Her friends offered to send a messenger; but our fascinating cousin was just the least bit in the world wilful, and being an only daughter, and accustomed to doing as she pleased, was very apt to carry her point. Poor Claribeu would be miserable, she declared, if she did not cover him up and take care of him herself; and she should be an ungrateful creature if she neglected him, after all the pleasure he had given her. So go she would, and did—invested with as many wrappings as a Sandwich Island queen; and amid an infinite number of cautions to keep the path, mingled with some gentle reproaches from grandmamma, she set out under the escort of her brother—a lad of fifteen years, at home for the holidays.

The next morning, punctual to the moment sworn, Sydney Raymond appeared at Mr. Gilmer's door. The snow had covered all traces of the preceding night's travel; but the sun rose brilliantly above the eastern hills, and the air had somewhat abated its keenness, giving prospect of a speedy thaw.

"Your bird has flown," said Mr. Gilmer, as the young lover entered the breakfast-room; "or, rather, she is yet in the nest where you left her last night. I made her and Harry stay at their grandmother's, and I suppose they could not get off before breakfast. Never mind; sit down and have a cup of coffee with us, and you can go over afterward. It is only nine o'clock, and I dare say the lazy things are not up yet."

Sydney turned deadly pale. He had already stopped at Harrington House, and knew that his beloved was not there; and for a moment he was almost paralyzed. Mrs. Gilmer instantly noticed the change in his appearance, and rushed up to him, crying:

"What is the matter, my child? You are ill! Has anything happened?"

As soon as he could find words, he faltered out the awful truth; and the happy family gathering was changed into a scene of terror and desolation. The alarm was instantly given, and in a few moments the whole neighborhood was collected to join in the search.

First the deep snow-drifts lying nearest the path were probed and explored; then, as these efforts proved fruitless, an increasing circle of ground was examined, amid the most frightful apprehensions. But no trace of them was found; and hour after hour the wretched band wandered about, in vain but frantic efforts, until approaching night closed the dreary scene.

And here we must leave them, and return for a time to the objects of their search.

When the mistress of the singing-bird, the innocent cause of all this mischief, left Harrington House with her brother, they ploughed through the fresh snow boldly for awhile—Edith like the heroine she felt herself to be, Harry with an inward conviction that all girls were fools and his sister no better than the rest of them. Being only at home on a visit, however, he refrained from uttering his sentiments; and, protecting his charge as well as he could, felt for, rather than saw, the path that was to lead them home.

"I'm afraid we've strayed out of our way, Sis," said he, after a few moments. "The ground feels so rough here, I do n't think we can be in the path."

The last words were uttered convulsively, and his sister felt him dropping away from her. Supposing he had stumbled, she clung all the more closely to his arm, so that he was obliged to drag her with him, and they fell—down, down, down—until a tremendous shock brought to an end their unexpected journey.

For a few moments both remained stunned. When they had recovered

consciousness and power of speech, a few bruises, together with a wild, scared sense of being nowhere, were found to be the result of their fall.

"Here seems to be a piece of wood, Harry," said Edith, feeling cautiously about under her feet. "Oh, if we only had a light!"

"All right, Sis. Stand out of the way a little, and we'll have a light in less than no time. I have some matches in my cigar-case."

It was now Edith's turn to suppress a feeling of secret indignation at the thought of her favorite brother's early devotion to vice—not knowing that the cigar-case was simply a piece of bravado by which Harry was enabled to astonish other boys, remaining all the while quite innocent of the weed himself.

Of course the article was not in the pocket where he expected to find it—things never are when people are in desperate haste; but at last the missing treasure was found—came to light, I was going to say, but that did not happen until Harry, by a vigorous scrape on the sole of his boot, elicited some sparks of information from one of the matches it contained.

"Here's the very board that tumbled in with us!" he exclaimed. "Hold the match, Sis, while I slice off a bit of it;" and, quick as thought, out came a jack-knife and produced a splinter just in time to catch a light from the expiring lucifer. Having provided several similar torches to keep the flame alive, the involuntary travellers proceeded to look about them.

A lofty, irregular roof, and in the dim distance glimpses of a rocky wall—this was all that the first gaze presented to their straining eyes. They feared to move, almost to breathe; for the spot where they found themselves seemed but the summit of a cone-shaped hill of sand, whose smooth, sloping sides receded downwards in every direction, but whose base was lost in mysterious darkness.

The little platform where they stood was scarcely more than large enough to support them when they fell; and both shuddered with feelings of terror, mingled with gratitude, to see that two or three feet of variation to one side or the other would have left them on a steep inclined plane, with nothing to grasp at to stay their flight toward destruction.

Silent and awe-stricken, they stood for some minutes, when Harry's quick eye discerned in the sand at his feet something that shone with a faint glitter. Stooping to pick it up, he drew out from the yielding sand a long gold chain.

"Eureka!" he shouted, holding it up. "Why, Sis, do n't you remember father's trying to have a well dug some time ago, and how they never came to any water, but only quicksand, that kept settling and settling, until at last they had to give up digging and have the hole covered over? This is the very same chain that Sambo's Joe stole from the house about that time, and which the little rascal afterwards confessed to having thrown down there to avoid being found out. Here is where all that sand fell down—so of course there must be an end to it somewhere, and I'm going to make my way down this pyramid and see what's at the bottom of it."

"Oh, do n't, Harry, do n't!" entreated his sister. "You'll only slip down and down, dear, and never come up again. Stay with me; our light will soon go out, and we shall be in utter darkness. I *can't* let you go!"

"I'll soon remedy that!" said the daring youth; and, taking up the board, he worked away at it until he had divided it all into slender sticks that could be lighted one from another. Taking a small armful for his own use, and cautioning his sister to keep a light going, he began the downward journey, carefully pressing each footstep into the soft sand.

He soon passed out of sight, but

kept up a cheery talk with Edith, and for some time nothing occurred to vary the monotony of the sandy surface. Then the hill gradually changed its form, spreading out wider and wider, until he found himself on a broken but nearly level floor. Scattered about were fragments of the wooden frame on which the masonry for the wall had been originally sunk, mingled with broken bits of stone, which bore still further testimony to the correctness of his supposition. Gaining confidence as he advanced, he proceeded to examine still further the surface of the gloomy cavern—his voice still reaching his sister, but strangely altered by distance and the reverberations of the rocky echoes. Suddenly she heard an exclamation, like a smothered scream; then a splashing, as if of some heavy body falling into the water, and all was silence.

A sickening fear seized her—her limbs almost refused their motion; but she had strength to light another stick from the expiring one she held, and hastily gathering a few to take with her, she began to descend the steps poor Harry had trampled in the sand a few moments before. She felt giddy and helpless, and would have fallen head-foremost if her wandering senses had not been recalled by the welcome sound of splashing water, and, better still, by the strong, hearty tones of her brother.

"Come down as quick as you can, Sis, and bring a light! Here I am, up to my neck in water, and I don't dare to try to get out in the dark, for fear of getting in deeper. Ah! that's right; there you are! Take care where you step, or there'll be another catastrophe."

But the damsel reached the foot of the hill in safety, and, guided by the sound, found her way to the top of a precipice, from which she saw her protector floundering about in the water some dozen feet below. If Harry had not been a capital swimmer, his situation would have been

frightful, for the water was at least over his head, and how many hundred feet more he could not guess. It was no easy matter to find a place to get out, for the walls of the pool were almost perpendicular from its surface; but after a while Harry discovered an irregular fissure, into which he managed to insert the tips of his fingers and toes, and thus clamber up to solid land again.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed the impetuous youth, shaking himself like a dog just out of the water; "I was just beginning to feel quite at home down here, and was walking about as cool as a cucumber, when I plumped in. Give us the light, Sis, and let's see what kind of a hole we're in, any way."

By the light of the blazing stick they made out a vast room, with well-defined ceiling and level floor, nearly in the middle of which rose the sandy mound on which they had fallen. The black pool occupied almost half of one side of the apartment; and, as far as they could see, there was no means of egress except by the hole they had come in at—many, many feet above their heads, and quite out of sight by their dim light. While they were still gazing around, Harry was warned by his burning fingers that his torch was going out; and before he could light another from it, the blaze died away, leaving only a faintly-glowing ember behind it.

"I'll tell you what it is, Sis," said he, "there's no use in our trying to do anything more to-night. Wood is scarce, and matches are scarcer; and I think we had better make ourselves as comfortable as we can, and go to sleep until morning. I suppose you have nothing with you to eat?"

"Only half a dozen 'mottoes' and some cake that Grandma gave me for old Mom Polly. But, Harry,"—in a more subdued tone—"how are we ever to get out of this place?"

"Oh, they'll find us in the morning," said he, with a confidence he

was far from feeling. "They can't help seeing the hole we made, and I hope there's enough of the Yankee in them to guess us out. If they do n't, I'll get on top of that sand-heap and shout till they take me for an earthquake. If my newest whistle does n't bring them down, they must be deaf. I'll show you,"—and putting his fingers to his lips, he sent forth such an unearthly shriek, echoed as it was by the rocky sides of the cavern, that Edith was fain to shut her ears and beg for a postponement.

"What *can* this be?" she inquired, when the oft-repeated sounds had died away. "How came our garden to be undermined by such a hole as this?"

"It's the Mammoth Cave, of course. Doesn't your geography tell you that?"

"Why, no. The Mammoth Cave is nine miles off."

"Exactly so;—the entrance is, so that must bring us just about to the end of the part they've explored. We are in the right direction for it, too. I wonder we never thought of that before! But now you lie down and get some sleep, for you're tired to death, and it will be time enough to look around us when we see the daylight peeping through that hole up yonder. Take my hand now, and we'll get back again."

Cautiously they groped their way back to the sand, where a not uncomfortable couch was improvised—the abundant wrappings of a winter's night serving as covering. The air, by contrast to the keen blasts above, seemed quite mild, and the prospect of a night's rest was not so bad after all. Harry had fortunately dropped off his outer shawl before his drenching, and declared that he should be quite as well off as the patients in a water-cure institution, who took on purpose just such wet packs as he had taken by accident.

"There, I have n't wound up my watch!" he exclaimed, just as he was

settling down for his nap. "I wonder if that dip did it any harm! Perhaps it needed cleaning. I'll try and see if it's going."

Thanks to the heavy old-fashioned case, the repeater was in no wise the worse for its wetting, and ticked on in its usual impassive and self-complacent manner. The matches, also, were safe, being in a thick leather case. On being interrogated, the watch struck the hour of two.

"Now, Edie, go to sleep like a good girl, and we'll have great fun in telling our adventures to-morrow at the breakfast-table."

The boy's gay and thoughtless temperament did not allow anxious thoughts to keep him awake very long, and his sister soon heard unmistakable signs of his being in the land of slumber. For herself, the strange excitement of her position and the dreadful anxiety as to their future fate prevented her from sleeping for some time; but at length youth and fatigue triumphed over all obstacles, and she sank into an unbroken sleep.

It would have been a strange and touching sight could human eye have pierced those depths of darkness, to see the two young creatures thus buried far away from the ken of all who loved them, sleeping quietly in the moonless solitude, and awaiting with cheerful hope the ray of light which should lead them back to the upper world.

But no morning ever dawned on them in that darksome cave. Edith was the first to wake, and lay still, patiently, for more than an hour, unwilling to disturb her brother, whose heavy breathing showed him still wandering in dreamland. At last, when the suspense had grown almost intolerable, he moved slightly, and she seized the opportunity at once.

"Harry! You always said that 'when it's time to turn over, it's time to turn out.' If you want to practice what you preach, you ought to get up now."

"Eh? What are you talking about?" Then as recollection returned—"Let's see, first, what time it is. It can't be six o'clock yet, and I'm in for another nap."

He touched his repeater, which answered with fearful distinctness, Nine! It fell on their ears like a knell. There was an appalled silence; and when Harry spoke again, it was in a lower and sadder tone. The death-like gloom had affected even his spirits at last.

"Keep quiet, Sissy, while I climb up to the top of the sand-hill and see if there is n't some light coming in through that hole. If there is, perhaps we could scrape up the sand from down here, and pile it high enough for me to climb up the sides of the well. It's only a bare chance; but what can we do?"

Edith had no heart to answer him, and sat in silent despair while he slowly climbed the side of the steep pyramid. Arrived at the top, he peered in vain into the thick darkness for the faintest ray of hope; he trod cautiously over the level surface, gazing intently upward, and almost forcing himself to believe that he saw something—but to no purpose. Lighting a splinter of wood which remained from those prepared the night before, with one of his precious matches, he held it above his head, and could just see the great hole in the roof through which they had fallen; but above—nothing. In changing his position for better observation, he forgot how limited was the platform on which he was standing, and, approaching too near the downward slope of the hill, lost his balance and fell—rolling over and over on the smooth surface, and bringing up with a heavy "thud," not far from where his sister was crouching on the ground.

She heard the fall but too plainly. She shrieked wildly, but no answer was returned; and, sick at heart, she began feeling about in the mysterious silence for what she fully expected to

find—the dead body of her brother. At last she came to him. He was breathing, but quite insensible; and it was, or seemed, a long time before his consciousness returned. A bed of soft sand had fortunately received him; and the giddiness which overcame him when he first pitched forward had probably been the means of saving his life, by preventing him from struggling to save himself. He was sorely bruised and shaken, and had one sprained wrist; but beyond this had sustained no serious injury.

He lay down to rest, and Edith sat beside him silent and hopeless. How long they remained thus torpid, neither of them ever knew; but as Harry grew stronger in body, his spirits and energy rose again, and he determined to make one more effort to conquer fate.

"There's no use in trying to get up that way, Edie," said he; "even if the hole were not covered over at the top, we could never make this pile high enough and broad enough to get at the side of it, and very likely there is no hold to climb by if we could. But there must be some opening from here into the regular travelled part of the cave, if we could only find it. Anything is better than sitting still and doing nothing. Let's hunt round till we find the way out."

The first thing to be done was to collect a fresh stock of torchwood—no easy task with only a jack-knife to work with; but at last as much was prepared as they could carry, and the exploring expedition was set on foot once more. The floor of the cave was strewn with huge boulders which made threading their way about them a work of much difficulty, and they were constantly on the look-out for hidden pitfalls. No accident occurred, however, worse than an occasional stumble; and their perseverance was presently rewarded by discovering a small triangular opening about four feet high, seemingly the beginning of a long passage.

Through this Harry wanted to go alone, promising to return and report progress; but as his sister positively refused to be left for an instant, he was obliged to accept her company. After a few feet the roof rose a little, though not enough to allow of their standing upright; and at length the passage terminated in a *cul-de-sac*.

"Here is a crack in the wall," said Harry, "and I have an idea that it leads to something. It is high enough, if we can only squeeze through. Take off your hoops, child! You can never get along with that barrel round you."

Edith did as she was directed, and taking her brother's hand, they made their way, crab-wise, through the narrow fissure, whose walls touched them on both sides as they went along. A few steps brought them out of these contracted quarters; and, finding themselves once more free, they gazed upon a scene whose magnificence, even as revealed by their puny light, called forth expressions of startled admiration.

If a verdant grove in fairy Arcadia, with its lofty bowers, its clustering blossoms, its wavy foliage, had been suddenly turned into purest alabaster and planted on a floor of powdered marble, it would have presented such a spectacle as did the vast chamber now stretched out before them. Here hung a group of lilies, delicately carved in the fragile stone; there a mammoth tulip held up its stately head; while in another place a climbing grape-vine had whitened into statuary. In one spot a cluster of stems would emulate the banyan tree, the pendent branches descending until they seemed to take root in the ground; in another, single trees or detached groups spread abroad their wandering arms. The floor was for the most part as level as that of a ball-room; and the ceiling, decorated as no mortal skill could have done it, rose in graceful arches that art might be proud to copy. The coloring of the whole was at once soft and brilliant;

and though the feeble light did the scene but little justice, and the sight had once been a familiar one, the desolate children broke into expressions of delight at the wondrous revelation.

"I have certainly been here before, Sis," said the boy; "have n't you?"

"I do n't know; in other rooms very much like it, certainly,—but I can't recall the looks of this exactly; it is three or four years since I have been in very far. The last time I crossed the Jordan, the tide had risen so much before we went back that I was frightened to death, and never dared to try it since."

"You may depend upon it that travellers come here, though," said Harry; "and if we can only hold on long enough, we shall be sure to have company out."

"But think how few people come here in the winter! We shall starve to death while we are waiting for them."

"Time enough to talk about starving when we have exhausted your stock of provisions. By George! we have n't had any breakfast yet, and it must be late in the afternoon. Let's pitch into the cake now. It will give us more spunk to go on!"

Their little store was carefully divided into two parts, one being kept for a future meal. The few mouthfuls allotted to each having been hastily despatched, they took measures for continuing their homeward journey.

By following the wall, they came upon a vaulted hall both wide and high enough to admit of their walking comfortably side by side. It varied in form as they advanced, breaking into heavy projections, and the walls receding until it terminated in a gloomy room, wild and threatening in its aspect, whose roof and walls were covered with globular groups, resembling magnified bunches of grapes. The floor was of similar formation; and as Harry gazed around, he became more and more convinced that they were in the right path for being

discovered. "There can't be two rooms in the cave exactly like this," said he, "and I remember this as perfectly as if I had seen it yesterday. A lot of us boys were together, and we were wondering what kind of wine these grapes would make. This is the Vineyard. We're all right."

"But if no one should ever come! Our wood is all gone but a few pieces, and we can't live without eating. Have you any matches left? It would be so dreadful to die in the dark!"

"Nonsense! You've no more pluck than a drowned kitten! I tell you some one will be through here in the course of another day. Come! let's go ahead! I think I can find the way into the next room, and there we'll stop and wait for morning."

Heart-sore and foot-weary, they dragged themselves in the direction indicated by Harry, and found indeed a passage which led them to the apartment known to tourists under the name of the "Rocky Mountains," from the piles of rough stone among and over which they have to stumble as they force their way into the smoother regions beyond. It was in this labyrinth that the supply of wood, so carefully husbanded, gave out; and even Harry was obliged to confess that there was nothing to be done but to sit down and wait. The strength of both was exhausted; and when they had found a place where they could rest with tolerable comfort, and had arranged their remaining wrappings (part having been left behind as too cumbrous) to the best advantage, Edith's fortitude fairly gave way under the continued strain upon her faculties, and a long and uncontrollable attack of hysterics succeeded, ending in utter prostration.

It was now Harry's turn to play nurse—a new office for him; but he rose with the occasion, and persevered in soothing, cheering and stimulating her, until for very shame she could no longer resist his efforts. He insisted on her sharing with him most of the

little remaining stock of food, thinking that greater exhaustion might make it useless; he told stories of school-boy frolics, not so much with the idea of amusing her as to pass away the long, dreary hours; and, hoping against hope, he drew in lively colors the delights of a reunion when father and mother and lover should unite in welcoming them back. Far into the small hours of the night he kept up his heroic exertions, and toward morning was rewarded by finding that his sister had sunk into a quiet sleep. He gladly seized the opportunity of taking the rest he so much needed; and once more the morning dawned above them, while they, unknowing and unheeding, found relief in a brief forgetfulness.

The next day was not far advanced when a party of tourists, accompanied by guides, entered the wild and rocky defile that leads into the Mammoth Cave. With their first adventures we have nothing to do; but after they had crossed the River Jordan—the widest and most picturesque of the three underground streams—their approach to our lonely sleepers gives them some interest in our eyes.

It is customary, in exploring the cave, for one of the guides to go in advance of the rest and throw a Bengal light on each scene worthy of special attention. The practice was not neglected now; and as the wild, unearthly glare illuminated the farthest recesses of the cavern, it brought out in lurid relief two motionless forms huddled up on the ground by the side of a huge, irregular mass of broken rock.

"What 's that?" inquired one of the gentlemen, under his breath.

All eyes were turned in the same direction, and an awe-struck silence fell on the whole party. Did the breath of life yet animate those motionless forms, or had the spirit vanished, leaving only the empty casket? All felt as if in the presence of death. The guide was the first to speak.

"There 's no one been in here, to my knowledge, for several days. These must be Mr. Gilmer's children, that 's been missing since night afore last. The family think they 're buried under the snow somewhere, but I reckon they wanted to play a trick, and came down here to hide and lost their way. But how they ever got over the rivers beats me!"

As the guides seemed reluctant to venture any nearer to the mystery, one of the gentlemen stepped forward and gently pulled aside the shawl wrapped around Harry, to get a view of his face. The boy moved slightly, and opened his eyes; and the disturbance roused his sister, who turned and looked up. With womanly instinct, she tried to spring to her feet on seeing a strange face bending above her; but she was too weak to raise herself, and sank back powerless.

"They are alive!" was joyfully echoed from mouth to mouth; and Edith soon found herself supported by a gentle hand, the owner of which—a young girl about her own age—laid her weary head on her own breast, and by kind words strove to soothe her agitation and distress. A few words explained the situation, and the visitors' thoughts turned with one accord to the subject of refreshments.

"We were saving our lunch for Cleveland's Cabinet," said one of the party; "but I think we might better eat it now, so that our Rip Van Winkle friends shall have company. Besides, I suspect them of belonging to some race of elves or gnomes who inhabit the cave, and can't be sure they are mortal until I see them eat."

"We 'll soon satisfy you on that point," said Harry, whose eyes shone at the sight of cold roast chicken and mince-pie, while even Edith felt an emotion of complacency at the sound of "sandwiches." A glass of wine revived her still more, and she was able to sit up, supported by her brother's arm, and enjoy the good cheer dispensed by liberal hands. The

newly-arrived party, among whom were two ladies, were people of intelligence and refinement; and the time passed pleasantly during the repast—though Edith secretly grudged every moment that kept her parents and lover in suspense, and could hardly conceal her impatience during the courtesies with which the entertainment came to an end.

"I rise to propose the health of our new friends," said one of the party. "In their future walk through life may they always look before they leap, and not fall through in any more of their undertakings."

"Things have changed since Adam's time," remarked another. "In the account of his fall, we hear that the woman was at the bottom of it; but in this case it was the man who fell first."

"It's time we were moving on," interrupted the guide. "The tide was rising when we passed the rivers, and if we do n't hurry it will be too late to get back to-night."

"But we must see Cleveland's Cabinet!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "Is there no other way of getting out if the river should be too high?"

"You can go through Purgatory," replied the man, "but I reckon you'd do better to stay where you are. It's bad work for ladies like you."

"Oh, can't we go back at once?" cried Edith. "Think of my mother—my father—"

"It'll only make an hour's difference, mum, if we hurry," said the guide. "These here people's come mighty far to see this place, and it'd be most a pity to send 'em back without doin' of it."

Some of the party expressed their willingness to give up seeing the rest of the cave, but others were so evidently opposed to this that Edith felt obliged to yield the point. Harry was so refreshed by his lunch that he was quite ready to go back with the others and see again, under more favorable auspices, the wonderful

places they had crept through in fear and suffering and darkness. Edith declined going; and her young lady friend, much fatigued by the journey already made, volunteered to keep her company.

They were sitting, quietly chatting by the light of a lantern which had been left with them, when a strange noise attracted their attention. Every moment it increased in intensity, and sounded like rushing, roaring water, dashing on with the force of a cataract. What could it mean? The girls awaited with trembling and undefined terror the return of the others—who were not long in making their appearance, hurried back by the ominous sounds which had struck even the hardy pilots with apprehension.

Hastily gathering up the various trappings belonging to the party, they advanced in a terrified silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation from some one stumbling among the disjointed rocks. The noise increased as they went on, and they could only imagine a Niagara broken loose from its channel and falling headlong into the recesses of the earth.

At last they reached the Jordan, whose wild waves told them what good ground they had had for their fears. The river, usually three-quarters of a mile in width, was expanded into a lake whose troubled surface seemed agitated by a sub-marine volcano. The waves dashed furiously against the rocky wall which formed their only boundary, and the roof in some places touched them with its depending layers of stone.

"Can't we go back through Purgatory?" shouted one of the gentlemen into the ears of the guide.

"You'd have to leave the women behind, then," answered the man. "To get through that way, you must crawl like a snake, dive like a duck, swim like a fish, and jump like a kangaroo; and these ladies are n't up to that kind of a thing—nor the gentlemen neither, I reckon! We'll get the

boat to shore, and find our way out in that." The little boat floated at some distance from them, fast to its moorings, luckily, and one of the guides volunteered to swim after it. The perilous task was safely accomplished by the brave fellow, and the party embarked. No small skill was required to pilot the boat over the troubled waters, in a course which had to be varied to suit the changed conditions of the voyage. What had been dry land when they were outward bound, was now covered with water to the depth of two or three feet; while overhanging rocks, usually out of reach, constantly interfered with their progress. In one place the channel narrowed so much that there was no avoiding the low-hanging roof. At ordinary times there was ample room for a tall man to sit upright, but now the water was so high that there was barely room for the boat to pass alone. The guides instantly declared that the only way to get on was for the men to get out into the water and be drawn along by the boat, while the ladies were disposed of lengthwise within it. "I won't answer for your coming out with whole skulls if you stir your heads out!" said the man. "Where we put you, you've got to stay put, if you ever expect to see daylight again. And I reckon them boys had better stop inside too."

Harry and the other youth designated protested vehemently against being lumped in with women in this style; but they were overruled, and packed down with the ladies. The head guide let himself down into the water from the bows, at which the lamps were suspended, while the others hung on at the sides and stern. The foremost grasped the boat with his strong left hand, and with the other pushed himself along by means of the roughness in the rocks above. The way was not long; and the dangerous point having been passed, the travellers were once more united, and reached the shore in safety.

The rest of their way out of the cave was marked by no adventures, but a passing description of some of the wonders they saw may not be out of place. The first was "Goram's Dome"—an immense rocky vault, on one side of which was a precipice sinking sheer down for ninety feet. As the Bengal light threw its sudden radiance over the scene, imagination pictured awful forms hidden in the deep recesses beyond the view—crouching dragons ready for a spring, or silent giants ready to stalk forth and seize an unresisting prey; while far up in the dim distance they could just discern the mighty outline of Jupiter, watching in majestic repose over the fate of mortals. Under this dome were stalagmite pillars of great size, and others were in process of formation as stalactites, the drops employed in making them still trickling from their pendent points. Here and there a crystal rill welled up from the floor, and as they advanced their way lay mostly over water, which they passed by stepping from stone to stone. The exit from Goram's Dome was by a steep ladder, leading up to an entry so narrow and crooked that the travellers could scarcely press through it; this widening out, they recognized in it many spots to which the fancy of explorers had given characteristic names—such as the Arm Chair, the Pillars of Hercules, the Elephant's Head, the Blacksmith's Shop, and the Lover's Leap. The Star Chamber called forth ecstasies of delight. The visitors were directed to look at the ceiling; it had disappeared, and they gazed, bewildered, into utter vacancy. The lights were then subdued, without being extinguished; and after a few minutes' gaze, the whole vast expanse was seen glimmering with stars. This illusion was produced by white points of rock forcing their way through the black moss with which the roof was encrusted.

There were not wanting, in their onward progress, wonderful halls of

glittering stalagmites and stalactites, as white as the purest alabaster, and sparkling like crystal, forming every fantastic shape of flower and shrub, ranks of trees, and bowers of vine-clad columns. Here was a miniature grotto of fit size for a lady's boudoir; there a gigantic hall, covering many acres—the fretted roof, sixty feet above the floor, supported by columns massive like itself. There was a regular process of growth and decay in these formations, not dissimilar to that of a plant. They were to be seen in all stages of development; but when perfection was attained, the outer surface became gradually pulverized, falling to the floor in the form of fine white powder, leaving only a changed and blackened trunk, where all had been brilliant with beauty. Where this process had been most thorough, one might have imagined a garden of blooming flowers and shrubs suddenly touched by a winter's frost—so complete was the change.

But we have not space to follow our travellers through this wonder of wonders. Emerging at last into the light of a winter afternoon, they separated with many promises of a speedy reunion; and Edith and Harry—the former worn out with fatigue and emotion, the latter gay as a lark and quite ready to perform the journey over again—set out for home.

How the day after Christmas had been passed by the wretched family at Harrington House, can be only imagined; and when the first ray of the following morning found the father again engaged in his hopeless task, he looked many years older than on the night when he parted from his idolized children in a whirl of pleasurable excitement.

The second day passed like the first; and when all hearts but the parents' had sunk into hopeless despair, Mr. Gilmer was still wandering about, trying to think of means yet untried for arriving at the truth. As

he paced the garden restlessly, his attention was attracted by an unusual appearance in one portion of it.

"Caleb," said he to one of the negroes, "it seems to me that the cover on this well-hole has been disturbed lately. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, Massa; I seed some little scamps makin' a bonfire of the boards night afore last, and yest' day mornin' I covered it over agin, fust thing, and fastened it up tight, 'cause 'peared like some one might fall in."

"They are here!" shrieked the agonized father. "Bring a rope, Caleb,—a long one—and a lantern, and tell some of the men to come back with you!" and tearing off the boards with almost superhuman strength, he threw himself on the ground with his face over the opening, shouting, "My children! my children!"

It was but a few minutes before Caleb returned, bringing what was needed, and followed by a crowd of eager inquirers—among whom was Sydney Raymond, who insisted on going down in Mr. Gilmer's place; and seizing the lantern, and impetuously tying the rope round his waist, he ordered the men to let him down. Arrived at the top of the sandy hill, he disengaged himself and slowly descended it, finding at every step but too evident traces of recent occupation. There were the steps trodden by Harry in his first downward journey; the impress of the children's forms on the rude couches where they had taken their first night's sleep; and, saddest sight of all in that desolate solitude, the shawl and other wrappings left behind when they began to make their way out. At last he perceived the deep black pool which occupied one side of the room, and his heart sank in dumb despair. He gazed into its gloomy depths, but the still waters told no tales; and, faint with excess of anguish, he slowly made his way to the top of the mound and gave the signal for being drawn up.

A hundred questions assailed him as he reappeared, but he could make no reply. A look of blank horror was his only answer; and, as he stood shuddering and speechless in the deepening twilight, Mr. Gilmer was just adjusting the rope round his own body, when a man, running at full speed toward the spot, arrested him.

"Dey's found!" gasped the breathless messenger; "dey're dar behind de house—and dey's sent me to tell, so you would n't be skeart!"

The discovery of such a new and mysterious play-ground occasioned great rejoicing among the more thoughtless of the population around Harrington House; but Mr. Gilmer sternly forbade its being entered, and as soon as possible had the place built up with solid masonry and covered

with earth—obliterating, as far as might be, all signs of the so nearly fatal spot. In the spring he changed the whole arrangement of the garden, and succeeded so well in blotting the place out of remembrance, that even a rod of witch-hazel would now fail to find the lost well. Truth may lie there, according to the proverb; but he is determined that it shall never come out.

Many a time and oft have little arms twined themselves around Edith Raymond's neck, and little lips repeated the petition, "Please tell me, Mamma, how you found this pretty gold chain;" and as often as she tells the story, she can never quite repress a shudder that *will* come back even at the thought of those two nights passed in the Old Well.

A RIDE THROUGH KAUAI.

BY J. T. MEAGHER.

AS the fog lifted, and, rolling over the sea, vanished in thin air, we sighted the small harbor of Hanalei, nestling at the foot of a range of lofty wooded mountains, whose airy peaks looked proudly down upon the clouds floating lazily beneath them, forming the background of a most picturesque scene in the island of Kauai, the garden of the Hawaiian group. Men of literature and science, who have given the subject their attention, assert that this island is the oldest of the cluster. Judging from the heavy growth of verdure covering most parts of its surface, coupled with the fact that the natives have no tradition of any volcanic eruptions on the island during a period "against which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the theory is clearly correct.

The appearance of its face certainly justifies the impression. While its soil is a rich alluvium, capable of the most general productions, the greater portion of the larger islands are composed of arid deserts; and as the prevailing opinion is that these islands were formed by volcanic action, it is reasonable to suppose that Kauai, so different in its formation, has existed long anterior to the other islands, which bear manifest evidence of more recent creation. It is undoubtedly the most attractive; its beautiful parks, extensive plateaus, pretty valleys, broad winding rivers, and lofty mountains, its stock-ranches, sugar, coffee, rice, and silk fields, and its fruits and flowers, amply repay any hardship which a lover of scenic attractions might encounter in reaching it.

The channel between Kauai and Honolulu is rough during the prevalence of the trade-winds, which blow strongly for nine months of the year; and the native schooners plying between those points are so miserably confined in the limits of their accommodations that comfort or pleasure in making the passage, occupying under the most favorable circumstances from two to five days, is out of the question to those who are not inured to "go down to the sea in ships" of the dimensions of the native vessels. Consequently, but few tourists who visit the islands reach this point; but to those who are independent of the native fleet for transportation, a visit to Kauai is a rare pleasure. Our ship stood into the harbor, and no sooner had the plash of the dropping anchor reached our ears than the manager of the great Hanalei sugar plantation came on board and invited a party to join him in a tour round the island. On board a man-of-war such an offer is sure to meet with a hearty response from every one whose duties will admit of a temporary release from ship discipline, especially when the prospect of a ride through a strange country is presented, and an opportunity afforded to obtain, by actual experience, information concerning the manners and customs of a strange and interesting people.

The harbor is semi-circular, its arc being bounded by a luxuriant growth of shrubbery, which spreads its protecting foliage over the few houses constituting the village. Three Chinese stores furnish the inhabitants with all the necessities usually found in country shops. The commercial importance of the place is represented by small craft in the sugar trade, whose anchors, as they drop in the bay, and the monotonous breaking of the water on the beach, are the only sounds that disturb the graveyard stillness prevailing in the neighborhood.

Next morning one of the ship's cut-

ters, filled with tourists with slouched hats, Crimean shirts, and top boots, wound its way round the bends of the Hanalei river, and at the end of three miles reached the plantation, where we found horses waiting us.

Before leaving the plantation we took a cursory view of its workings, and witnessed the process of sugar-making. The cane grows to a height of from six to nine feet, and when cut the stump grows again year after year until the root becomes exhausted. The cane is transferred to the mill, where it is dumped on the cane-carrier, working on an endless chain. It is drawn on the carrier to rollers, two feet in diameter by four and a half feet in length, and crushed between them. The *bagasse* drops on a wide revolving belt behind the rollers, and is carried to the outside of the building, where it is dried in the sun and used for fuel. The saccharine liquid flows into a trough beneath the rollers, whence it is pumped into the clarifiers. These are large iron tanks, furnished with a steam worm, which heats the juice to near a boiling point. Lime is mixed with the juice, which has the effect of throwing the light feculence to the top, where it is skimmed off, and the heavier particles are precipitated to the bottom. The clear liquor is then drawn off into a train of six kettles, in each of which it undergoes a boiling, and is further cleansed and reduced to a density of about 25° Reaumer. It is now put into the Wetzal pans. These machines are peculiarly shaped. A number of copper pipes—which are arranged somewhat in the shape of the revolving part of a squirrel-cage—filled with steam, revolve on an iron rod resting on the edges of the pan, through the syrup, thus boiling it at a low temperature until it reaches the point of crystallization. The syrup is then placed in large coolers, where it stands for four or five days until the whole mass is crystallized, when it is dug out and dried in the centrifugals, which are bowl-shaped copper vessels

with perforated sides. They revolve horizontally with great velocity, making one thousand revolutions to the minute, and forcing the molasses through the perforations and leaving the sugar perfectly dry within. The molasses is boiled over in the Wetzal pans, and makes a sugar inferior, of course, to the first crystals. The raw sugar is now taken from the centrifugals, stored, and packed into kegs for shipment. While the mill is working it turns out five tons of sugar a day on an average. To produce this result, the manager keeps two hundred men and one hundred and fifty horses and oxen employed. The workmen are coolies for the most part, who receive twenty-five cents per day for their labor.

Lady Franklin visited this place some years ago, when Mr. Wylie, one of the King's Cabinet Ministers, was proprietor. To manifest his appreciation of his distinguished guest, he presented to her a piece of land on the crest of a steep hill rising abruptly to a height of three hundred feet, behind the sugar mill, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, under the impression that the fascinating beauty of the scenery would tempt her ladyship to build a country residence there. She accepted the gift, and erected on the spot a wooden sign, bearing the words "Crow's Nest," which name has since been attached to it. No doubt Lady Franklin would have carried out the wishes of her host, and her own avowed desire, were the island easier of access. The most prolific mind could not picture to itself a prettier site for a residence. Standing on the high bluff, the eye wanders from the blue ocean to the verdure-clad mountains, striped with miniature ever-flowing cascades, which spring from the mountain tops and leap down their sides, to find a level in the briny sea. The Hanalei River meanders through the beautiful valley of that name, watering its waving fields of sugar,

cane, coffee, and rice, and bearing on its bosom the produce of the country floating seaward to be shipped to distant lands for consumption.

Nature was robed in her brightest garb of green, and presented to the senses a pleasing contrast to the sameness of the sea, on which our eyes had rested wearily for days; and we felt, at the time of which I write, as if our release from the monotony of a sea-voyage could not be better improved than by giving ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the occasion. Turning from this enchanting spot, the party, consisting of ten horsemen attended by a half dozen mounted Kanakas, rode over an extensive belt of tableland running from the base of the mountains that form the centre of the island, to the coast, and intersected by numerous streams making their way to the sea. Extensive parks of Kukui trees, sheltering hundreds of panting cattle from the rays of a tropical sun, stand up as if conscious of their beauty and usefulness. Tall, rich grass, watered by bountiful showers, fatten the flocks and herds roaming at large over this favored isle. Passing through the Kukui grove, under the shade of which the first missionary sermon was preached to the savage natives about the year 1825, in which the first blow was struck at their idolatry, we entered the "Valley of Cascades." Rounding the base of a hill by a winding path, a pleasing sight lay before us. We looked upon a circular valley, surrounded by abrupt hills, through which six streams of sparkling water bent their reckless way to the walls rising from the valley, when they leaped over in many beautiful cascades and formed themselves into one common stream, watering beds of rice on either side of its course to the ocean. Crossing this stream, at its junction with the sea, on a ferry-boat, we ascended a steep mountain, which sorely tested the endurance of our animals, whose almost perpendicular attitudes in their desperate attempts

to reach the top threatened us with a rapid descent to the depths below; but with the energy of true Hawaiian steeds, inured to hardship and rough treatment, they managed to maintain their equilibrium, while the riders clung tenaciously to their manes until the climbing feat was accomplished.

The sun beat down with relentless fury. We had ridden fifteen miles, and our small bottles were empty. We canvassed the virtues of meat and drink, and were beginning to chafe in the absence of either, when the soft breath of music broke gently on our ears. Was it the gurgling of some neighboring stream wafted on the bosom of the breeze? No; there was not a breath of air and no visible stream. Was it the voice of a nightingale ringing out its clear and melodious notes from some tree-top? We listened. No—it was a female voice, dwelling on the words of a melody with a piano accompaniment. Here on this lonely isle in mid-ocean, where the lowing of the ox, the roar of cataracts, and the thunder of the breakers on the beach were heretofore the only sounds that broke the reigning stillness, we were called back to the world of Chickering and Steinway. Peering through the trees, we discovered the house of an American settler, whose daughter, a young lady of eighteen, gave us a hearty welcome as we dismounted. Here was a study for romantic minds—an interesting girl existing in practical ignorance of the workings of the outward world, not knowing of or caring for its excitement or pleasure, living on a solitary spot on this remote island, performing her monotonous household duties day after day, with no amusement but her saddle, which grows tiresome from use; no new scene to distract her attention from the wide ocean on one side and wild mountain ranges on the other; no object in life but to live content in her lonely island home. We were the first party of Americans which she had seen

since a similar party from the national vessel which had preceded us on the Hawaiian station, stopped at her house on a similar tour more than a year previously. Having regaled ourselves on an excellent lunch, we reluctantly took our leave and pushed on toward Kelea, where we expected to pass the night at the house of Mr. Krull, who conducts a stock-ranch of thirty thousand acres, over which his herd of six thousand head of cattle wander in their native freedom. Emerging from a wooded knoll, this pretty villa opened to our view. The stars and stripes, floating from the peak of a flag-staff, was the harbinger of the welcome which we received on reaching the house, which stands on an elevated plateau at the foot of the mountains, and is surrounded by handsomely laid-out grounds, shaded by the spreading branches of the banana, mango, and tamarind trees. A clear stream eddies, tosses, and foams round the base of the elevation. The plain, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with trees clustering in groves. Herds of cattle move quietly about, whisking their tails or bathing in the many streams abounding in the pasturage. The foam-capped breakers roll in on the beach on the one hand, and on the other the sombre peaks of the highest mountains on the island rise up in communion with the skies. Sylvan groves are scattered through the grounds, where the mind, becoming weary of the grandeur of the general view, finds rest within their rustic bounds. As the shades of evening closed in around us, a silvery moon shed its lustre over the enchanting scene. The air, perfumed by the odor of the magnolia and jasmine, was mild and balmy, and the pattering of a near fountain mingled with music from within.

As the sun rose from the sea he found us, with a fresh acquisition to our party, speeding over the tableland to visit the Wailua Falls, ten miles off. "Altar Rock"—a semi-

circular dent in the face of a cliff supported at the corners by massive pillars of solid rock one hundred and fifty feet high, so called from its similarity to the chancel of a church—and many other minor objects of interest, were hastily inspected on the way. We descended a deep gorge, forded the river coursing through it, and, winding up the steep sides of the mountain opposite, reached a broad plateau, stretching away for miles on all sides. Here the roar of the falls, which are thickly enclosed in shrubbery, thundered upon our ears. The volume tumbles into a circular basin, and thence leaps into the river below, the whole distance being ninety feet. Gliding down to the lower fall, the water pours over a perpendicular wall of one hundred and thirty feet in a broad glassy sheet when the river is full, and in the dry season it falls over in a number of streams. Turning in our saddles, a narrow stream is seen to issue from a bluff on the opposite side of a deep ravine, and fall three hundred feet in a cloud of sparkling silvery spray, appropriately named the "Bridal Veil." Here the panorama is perfect. Green fields, trees, rivers, cataracts, mountains, and valleys, canopied by a cloudless sky, supply all the requisites of a most beautiful picture. We lingered in this terrestrial paradise until evening, when, returning, we took boats and rowed down the river to a point where our horses were waiting us, having seen the magnificence of this fairy land from the most attractive points.

Another night under the hospitable roof of Mr. Krull, and, returning to Hanalei, we swept round the beach bordering the harbor, and over an unpleasantly rough road for six miles beyond, where we reached "The Caves" on the sea-shore. These are interesting objects of curiosity. Never having been explored—such an operation being attended with the danger of getting lost—nothing is known of the extent of two of them called "the

Wet Caves," but the third is dry, and a ramble through its interior can be enjoyed without obstruction. Soon after entering its mouth, the explorer finds himself in a large round chamber, with a dome-shaped roof, at the opposite side of which a narrow passage leads him into the open air at a point some distance from where he entered. "The Wet Caves" are full of water, very deep, and with a visible current *setting inward*. The explorations of these subterraneous chambers have been confined to a short distance from their entrances, and it is said that they contain many winding and intricate passages; but a thorough investigation of their extent has not been made thus far, as the natives have a superstitious fear of intruding on the presence of one of their gods, who, they believe, inhabits the slimy chambers of these caves. This fear is heightened by the fact that on one occasion a Kanaka who attempted to explore the caves by swimming—at which the natives are extremely expert, being able to support themselves in the water for several hours together—never returned. They of course agreed that he had fallen a victim to the anger of the idol whose house he had desecrated by his uninvited presence; but more reasonable people suppose that he either got lost in the many turnings of the cave and was drowned, or that he perished from the effect of cramps, and that his body floated inward with the current. The natives look upon that fatal termination to an adventurous spirit as a warning from the mystic deity whom they suppose to be domiciled in the caves, and display no further curiosity to visit his castle.

Having now begun to experience the gnawing pangs of hunger—a feeling quite common among careless tourists who neglect to provide against such contingencies—we repaired to the house of a negro woman near by, for the purpose of procuring some eatables. A large party of natives were

assembled in and around the house, enjoying their dance (*Iuan*), which consists of an indecent motion of the body, accompanied by a graceful waving of the hands and a droning hum of their voices. Several women, gaily dressed and decorated with flowers, were seated on the floor around a calabash of *poi*—their standard dish, which is made by pounding the taro plant until it becomes like dough. Water is added to make it of the consistency of paste, and being allowed to ferment, it turns sour, when it is fit for use. It is eaten by sucking it off the fingers, and produces a nauseating effect on persons who first taste it; but as it possesses fattening properties, the foreign residents of the islands acquire not only a taste but a relish for it. The natives live on it altogether; even the king's table is furnished with a calabash of *poi* at every meal.

Next morning the ship steamed toward Waimea, the chief village of the island. In a few hours we sighted that place, lying at the foot of the mountains, on the opposite side of the scenes which we had visited. The appearance of Waimea is very uninviting. A straggling collection of grass huts, two frame houses inhabited by missionaries, and a small church, make up the capital of Kauai. We were at anchor some time before the strange apparition of a war-vessel, with her frowning battery of polished guns, burst upon the astonished vision of the drowsy inhabitants, who assembled on the beach in large numbers, and convinced us by their lively gesticulations that we were objects of profound wonder. Horsemen and women, who mount their horses astride, came dashing along furiously, regardless of the safety of the pedestrians who were hurrying to the beach where we were expected to land. There was breaking a heavy surf, which deterred the timid ones from venturing ashore; but a party whose enthusiasm could not be dampened by salt water, landed

through the breakers, which rolled over the stern of the boat repeatedly. As we were carried shoreward on the crest of a breaker, the natives rushed into the water waist-deep and bore us on their shoulders to a dry footing, where we were immediately surrounded by a great throng of both sexes, who were so scantily clad that there were not clothes enough in the crowd to cover an ordinary "Punch and Judy." We tried to advance through the dusky assemblage, but, being hemmed in on all sides, we found it impossible to proceed until Kanaka curiosity was fully gratified. Our clothes were smoothed down and criticised; our buttons were pulled and coveted; our faces rubbed over and patted by the black hands of our admirers; and every motion to advance, on our part, was met by a surging and pushing of the crowd that well-nigh threatened to annihilate us. One particularly ugly woman, with a shrivelled face, tottering steps, and bent frame, indicating a great advance in years, large hanging lips and flat nose (the characteristics of a Hawaiian face), became desperately infatuated with one of our party, distinguished from his companions by bright red hair, which attracted the universal attention of the natives. She was very demonstrative in the exhibition of her regard for him; but, like many other ungrateful youths, he not only failed to appreciate and return her affections, but sought to escape her in various ways, to the infinite amusement of the spectators. He finally succeeded in eluding his ancient pursuer, who commenced to whine mournfully upon his disappearance. Young America failed to reciprocate the social amities of Hawaii on this occasion, much to the annoyance of at least one female native.

We found some difficulty in making terms with the Hawaiians for horses, their demands being as extravagant as were their ideas of our wealth. Noticing a display of gold on our coats

(brass buttons, etc.), they naturally concluded that our pockets were lined with the same material. Raw-boned horses, blind horses, and vicious horses, alike commanded high prices. We eventually agreed—through an interpreter—to pay one-half the value of each animal for the day's ride, at our own appraisement—and we must admit that when we set a price on the horses the amount of hire was small; but the natives were satisfied, for their quadrupeds were little better than masses of living wretchedness—falling far below the standard of that celebrated charger on which Sir Hudibras set forth on his mission of knight-errantry. I should advise any person mounting a Kanaka's horse to see that his riding-gear is secure before doing so, as the natives are anything but expert in this respect, and the display of any extra spirit on the part of their half-trained horses usually ends in an unfortunate collision of the rider with the ground.

All "mounted and equipped" in our rough riding-suits, the cavalcade numbered twelve, besides attendants, hangers-on, etc., and presented anything but an imposing bearing. Our equestrian trappings embraced a collection of saddles that must have been in use in bygone generations; cords supplied the places of defunct girths, and supported the stirrups, which were generally odd ones. There was not a pair of matched spurs in the party, although every heel was mounted with one of those instruments of torture. Two foreign residents kindly volunteered to direct our steps to the sights of the vicinity. We jogged over a sandy plain, sheltered only by a few cocoa-nut trees, stopping occasionally to drink some of the milk contained in the nuts. The natives climb the branchless trunk of the cocoa tree with astonishing dexterity, running up the bare shaft with the agility of a cat to the dizzy height which the trees usually attain. Taking the nut, they give it a peculiar twist which insures its

collision with the ground endwise, thus saving it from being broken to pieces, by falling on its side.

Presently the glassy surface of a beautiful lake, lying placidly before us, inspired our horses with new vigor; and, pricking their ears, they improved their pace with the prospect of a refreshing draught of cool water. But they were disappointed. We passed over the surface of the apparent lake on a hard, smooth soil, and not until we left it far behind did we realize the delusion of a mirage. Here we met large banks of a darkish sand that emitted a sound like the gruff barking of dogs at every step, which are appropriately known as "The Barking Sands." The peculiar sound is well defined when a person strides rapidly down the steep sides of the banks. Retracing our steps, we forded the Waimea River, and followed its course under the tall cliffs which run parallel with it, until we reached the open country, over which we passed to the mountains. It had rained, leaving a coat of yellow mud on the side-hills, and making the ascent a slippery operation, in the performance of which more than one horse brought his rider to the ground. The country we had just traversed was altogether unlike the windward side of the island—dry, treeless, and uninteresting. The mountain was crossed, and the steep descent into a luxuriant and highly picturesque valley beyond accomplished, when we came to a halt at a grass house on the Hanapepe River, where orders were left with the occupants to have the eatables which we brought in our train ready for consumption on our return from the Hanapepe Falls, three miles up the river. We found the way to the falls a hard road to travel. Our course lay along, through, and across the river, which is walled in on both sides by perpendicular piles of rock in some places a thousand feet high, and surmounted by orange and native apple trees laden with their yellow and pink fruit. The river is shallow, and

its bed full of large slippery boulders, washed from the steep mountain sides from time to time by the heavy rains which prevail here during most of the year, and form a continuous succession of miniature cataracts. The fords were extremely difficult, in most places requiring the utmost caution in crossing them. Our guide often plunged into the boiling current in places where the force of the water seemed to render a crossing wholly impracticable; but he managed to slip and flounder to the opposite side, leading the party, one by one, to all sorts of difficulties in following him. We forded the stream *thirty-six* times in three miles; in fact, it was a succession of crossings. We scarcely had a hundred yards of travel at a time on either side of the river during the whole journey. In one place where the massive pile of solid rock rises on both sides to a perpendicular height of five hundred feet, six small streams steal out from the foliage above and bound into the river beneath.

Fatigue on the part of horses and riders was beginning to present itself, when the roar of the falls reached our ears and inspired us with new energy—especially our heels, which we were obliged to ply unceasingly to our jaded horses, who became indifferent to the effect of spurs from sheer fatigue. Rounding a turn in the stream, we halted at the foot of the falls, fascinated by their graceful beauty. They are two hundred feet high, canopied at the top by thick shrubbery, intertwining its branches over the rolling body of water, which thunders into the basin below, and raising itself into a rolling, foaming wave, rushes down the stream with blinding swiftness. A soft cloud of delicate spray hovers

round the falls, which sheds the rays of the sun in a halo of subdued light over the spectators.

Tired, wet, and hungry, we found ourselves back at the house on the river-side, from which the odor of frying steaks and roast chickens greeted our olfactory sense. We had scarcely commenced an attack on the viands, when a message arrived from the acting Governor of the island, Judge McBride, inviting the party to dine with him. We accepted, of course, and an hour later we galloped through the gateway of the chief official of the island, who received and entertained us in the most hospitable manner. The Governor is a Scotchman by birth, and an exemplification of the desire of the king to place intelligent foreigners in positions to exercise the governmental functions over his native subjects, who are not yet sufficiently advanced in civilization to control affairs on a lasting basis. Besides his official duties, which are very light, the Governor is engaged in stock-raising, his broad acres being well stocked with the choicest cattle, which are slaughtered by the hundred and the beef barrelled and shipped to Honolulu for foreign markets.

While enjoying ourselves round his festive board, our good ship steamed past, under the lee of the island, and anchored off Koloa, where we soon joined her. Here, as at Waimea, an imposing congregation of natives, on horseback and on foot, attired in gaudy calicoes, many of them in their tanned skins only, assembled at the landing to witness our departure, and were yet standing on the beach as the dim haze of the horizon shut them out from our view.

A WESTERN JOURNALIST.

BY L. D. INGERSOLL.

THERE seems to be a great consumption of brain-power on the daily journalism of America. It has been but a few months since intelligence of the sudden death of Henry J. Raymond, of the New York "Times," shocked the reading public of Christendom. It has been but a few days since intelligence of the sudden death of Charles H. Ray brought personal sorrow to ten thousand hearts, and feelings of profound regret to many of his countrymen in all portions of the republic. Both of these distinguished journalists died on the sunny side of fifty, of overwork of the brain. Mr. Raymond stood at the head of his profession in the East; Dr. Ray was confessedly its most eminent man in the Interior. The brain of each suddenly gave way, leaving physical natures which, with animating soul, might have lived vigorously on for years.

Nor are these celebrated journalists the only ones who have suffered similar fate, or to avoid it have abandoned journalism for other and less exacting pursuits. Mr. Raymond, it is well known, prepared about as much matter on one noted day of his editorial life, as would make a volume of Bancroft's History of the United States. This condensation of years' work into days is not infrequent in editorial life. It is not strange, therefore, that we all unexpectedly hear that the silver cord is loosened and the pitcher broken at the fountain, and that the mourners go about the streets, who, only yesterday, rejoiced with those who to-day are gone.

It is probably true that the permanent literature of our country is not so great or so diversified as it would be, but for the establishment and remarkable growth, of late years, of the daily

press. Upon the topics of a day, the questions of an hour, the rich intellectual wealth of many of our best thinkers has been lavished with more than royal generosity. We do not hesitate to say that many of the great daily journals of our country have, during the past several years, contained numberless "leading articles" no less admirable as literary productions, no less worthy of immortal fame, than the essays of Addison in the "Spectator," which is in every library. Yet these leading articles are never reproduced in books. There has been but one such collection, we believe—that of "Tribune Essays," by Mr. W. F. Congdon, long associate editor with Mr. Greeley on the great journal of New York. This volume, though exceptional, proves the truth of what we have said above. There is more satire in it than in the "Letters of Junius;" while its wit, its humor, its spirit of lofty patriotism, its devotion to national justice, and its noble condemnation of national sins, cause the letters of the unknown contributor to Woodfall's "Advertiser" to sink to the level of personality and abuse, in comparison. The time is coming when the "Tribune Essays" will be as popular in the literary world as they deserve to be. Meantime, what is the subtle though prodigious power that causes so many of our best minds to spend their lives in productions whose life is like that of the morning dew, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away? There are, doubtless, many things which make up this singular power, this fascination, making newspaper life, to certain active minds, an irresistible charm. The principal cause, however, is to be found, we think, in the current influence of the

editor. Consider the power of that orator, great and skilful in his art, who should have an audience of fifty thousand or a hundred thousand persons every day throughout the year. Consider how much greater would be his influence if, by some means, these vast audiences could be doubled, trebled, quadrupled, enlarged twenty fold, by some process for the conveyance of his main arguments to many audiences. Such actually is the influence of the editor of a great newspaper. A journal which has a circulation of twenty-five thousand, will be read by at least a hundred thousand persons. What is the voice of man, uttering even the eloquence of Demosthenes, to this? But this is not all. The brilliant, ringing editorials of such a writer as Dr. Ray find their way into other journals, and before their power is exhausted, their voice has been heard by vast numbers of persons. Orator has never lived, clerical or lay, who, if he could have had such auditory as this, would not have talked himself to death between spring-time and harvest. The fascinating eyes of these multitudes of upturned faces would have charmed him to his destruction, though he would no doubt have died nobly at his post, with his arms extending toward the humanity before him, and his eyes looking longingly up to the bright heavens above him.

Dr. Ray entered upon a life of journalism in the city of Chicago at an epoch fortunate for the profession—or, we should perhaps say with more correctness, fortunate for those who belonged to his political school. It was not long after the time when the Kansas-Nebraska bill had aroused the nation to a high pitch of excitement. It was not long before the "Kansas War" inaugurated the death-struggle between freedom and slavery. It was soon after the Whig party had fallen into dissolution, having died of too much respectability. It was just before the Republican party had been organized from those who previously

had been Abolitionists, Whigs, Democrats. Popular elements, in a word, were without form and void; and from this Chaos and Old Night, a beautiful and grand creation was about to be eliminated by the creative power of thought. No man comprehended the whole situation better than Charles H. Ray. He took charge of the Chicago "Tribune" in April, 1855, and at once attracted marked and general attention by brilliant, incisive, fearless editorials. In the political education of the people, and in their organization into a party hostile to the extension of human slavery, believing it a terrible stain upon the national morality, he exerted an influence second to that of no other man in the interior portion of the country. His articles on the struggle in Kansas were as if some huge batteries had sent into the enemies' ranks whole magazines of destructive missiles. Victory there secured, Dr. Ray proceeded with his labors until long after the election of Abraham Lincoln, and the triumph of his most cherished political principles was assured.

He afterwards became chief editor of "The Evening Post," of Chicago, and occupied that position at the time of his death,—though, on account of ill health, caused by over-work in the exciting local campaign of 1869, he had written but little since January, 1870. To this journal he gave a character of independence, literary merit, and elevated morality, which has given it a wide influence and high reputation.

If there be those to inquire, therefore, what be the triumphs of Charles H. Ray, we answer: First, the triumph of free principles in the Northwest, for which he did so much; secondly, the Chicago "Tribune"; and, thirdly, the Chicago "Evening Post." The newspaperial character, if we may use such a phrase, which Dr. Ray infused into these confessedly great journals will be their character for years, perhaps ages, to come. This in his inmost soul

he knew. He knew they had already done much for the good of his fellow-men; and in this he was content, without the fame that comes from the production of books. This was the fascinating power that charmed him, all too early, to his grave.

It was not the design of this paper to give a biographical sketch of Dr. Ray, or to speak elaborately of his character and genius. His mind was large, but it was clear in its perceptions and quick in its operations. He both read and wrote with wonderful rapidity. He had large culture and refined taste. For the good, the beautiful, the true, he had a hearty adoration; for injustice, shams of every description, wrong of every nature, he had a fiery

hatred which often exploded in expressions almost terribly denunciatory. And yet he was gentle as a child and tender as a woman. There have been few men so much admired and so much beloved as Dr. Charles H. Ray. In consideration of his eminence in the influential profession to which he belonged, and of respect for his elevated morality and of the real beauty and greatness of his character, we have penned this imperfect sketch. We conclude with the expression of the opinion that in his death American journalism has suffered the loss of one of its most gifted and accomplished members, and humanity itself one who adorned and dignified human nature.

MIRAGE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

MY garden-ways are gladsome with rich gold
 Of lilies, goblet-shapen, loved of bees,
 And scarlet salvias burning manifold
 Against midsummer's blue serenities.

I have a low dim room that fronts the west,
 And sees from one great oriel day's last light;
 Here, when the shadowed world looks dreamiest,
 I wait the starry progress of the night.

And near me gleams a low-browed face serene,
 With mystic moon-soft eyes; a tender glow
 Touches the perfect bosom of my queen,
 Her smooth pure-carven throat, and arms of snow.

* * * * *

My lilies are mere memories, you say?
 My scarlet salvias but the show of dreams?
 And she?—and she?—Well, vex me not, I pray,
 Nor sunder that which *is* from that which *seems*.

Enough that my sweet phantom home is fair,
 My phantom garden affluent with balm;
 That she, my phantom love, a vision rare,
 Fills all the twilight hours with joy and calm.

OF BOOKS—THEIR MAKERS AND THEIR READERS.

BY HENRY R. BOSS.

"For out of the olde felde, as men saieih,
Cometh all this newe come fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bokes, in gode faieih,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

NEARLY everybody is familiar with the picture exhibited in the print-shops of "The Book-Worm." It represents a library where every available inch of shelving is filled with books. On the step-ladder, which reaches nearly to the topmost shelf, stands a gray-haired man, dressed in sober brown, who holds in his left hand a book which he is intently perusing; under the same arm is another book, and a third is held between his knees; a fourth is in his right hand; at his feet are other volumes; while the whole appearance of the man is that of one so absorbed in his labor that not even the trump of Gabriel could disturb him. The ignorant and thoughtless smile in pity and derision as they view this picture of the scholar's harmless passion, and wonder how it is that a man can become so absorbed in old books, the relics of the past. Yet this love of books, freely indulged, can become as much one's second nature as dram-drinking to the habitual tippler. The constant and omnivorous reader, if gifted with a little intelligence and a slight education, will soon look to his books for daily and hourly stimulus, and if deprived of it will be left as wretched as the opium-eater debarred his favorite narcotic. From these spring that large and increasing class who may be termed literary dyspeptics, who read volume after volume, and retain little of their contents, and are still less able to communicate to others the knowledge through which they have literally waded; who, when one book is finished, long for another, to be read as

hastily and crudely as the first; who devour with equal avidity Macaulay's Essays and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," the daily newspaper and "The Headless Horseman," and are only content when reading.

The true lover of books, however, is one who commands our sincere respect, notwithstanding his bibliomania. He is fully posted in regard to the *Editio Princeps* of every book of which professional bibliographers have settled the details; speaks knowingly and *con amore* of Santander, Audifreddi, Mattaire, Panzer, Laire, Blount, De Bure, Beloe, Lowndes, and those other rare scholars who have made bibliography the study of their lives; warms into juvenility at beholding a rare copy of an old book which had been forgotten ages ago by all save such as him; enlarges enthusiastically upon the beauties of the works of the early printers; hails with joy the appearance of the broad-paper editions so much affected at the present day; descants learnedly upon the literary forgeries which have from time to time appeared in the world; and is in fact a *vade mecum* to his younger and more indolent or more pre-occupied cotemporaries, who seek information respecting books. Our bibliophile, however, is not content with the literature of the past, but is well "up" in the history of books of the present day. If he can obtain nothing else, he is sure to read the "Publishers' Circulars" as they appear from month to month, and so keep pace with current literature—sometimes even to the smallest *brochure* issued from the press in the shape of a book. He will often be found at an old-book stand, curiously conning the titles of the treasures and the rubbish there

displayed, till he discovers something really desirable. Then begins a fierce struggle between his wishes and his purse—for bibliomania and poverty usually go hand in hand. At first thought he determines to purchase; then he hesitates, as the memory of some unprovided-for and pressing need comes to him; he thinks and thinks, hoping to devise some means of economizing by which he may be able to spare the price of the book; once or twice he turns sadly away, yet returns, as if charmed by it; at last, either forgetful of all prudence, or hoping to add to his income by some method before untried, he desperately pays the price demanded and hurries away with his prize, forgetful of all the world beside. Think you there is a modern Cræsus prouder of his millions than our friend with his one treasure, purchased at such great cost?

Exhibiting to a friend Joel Munsell's beautiful catalogue of rare books on typography and kindred arts, he remarked that it was "like giving a hungry man a bill of fare to read." Such is the common estimate of the study of bibliography, even among thinking and reading men. Let us hear an expert on the other side. William Thomas Lowndes, in his excellent "Bibliographers' Manual," thus dilates upon his favorite pursuit:

"The accumulated wisdom of ages is deposited in books. Can there, then, be more useful information than that by which these repositories of knowledge are rendered available to the world by proper classification, separating the valuable from the worthless, and presenting the student with a convenient and trustworthy guide to the respective sources? Bibliography is in truth the mariner's compass of learning: for without it the student would be floating on the immense ocean of literature, with no other means than what chance afforded of attaining the object of his voyage. To pursue the simile, it may be said that the art of navigation is not more indispensable to a mariner than is a certain acquaintance with bibliography to him who passes any part of his life in intellectual pursuits."

"Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted; others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

That is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not cursorily; and some few to be read wholly, with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important and meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters—flashy things."

(Johnson truly says: "No book is so worthless as not to contain something good.")

It is a curious fact that the author of the first book printed with movable types, of which we have record, was King David; for history tells us that Faust and Schœffer, who had succeeded or separated from JOHN GUTTENBERG, issued the Book of Psalms at Metz, on the 14th of August, A.D. 1457, or more than four hundred years ago. While at work upon King David's writings, these brave pioneers of the "art preservative" were laboring to produce a complete copy of the Bible, which was begun in 1450 and ended ten years later. In the year 1475 Hermannus de Stateren, who had been sent to Paris to dispose of the printed books, died in that city, and, by the laws of France, being an alien, his effects were forfeited to the crown. Schœffer and his partner presented their petition to Louis XI., imploring the restitution of their goods. The instrument granting their request, after the usual forms—*Louis, par le grace*, etc., etc.—recites as follows:

"De la partie de nos chers et bien amés Conrant Hannequis et Pierre Schœffer, marchands bourgeois de la Cité de Mayence, en Allemagne, nous a été exposé qu'ils ont occupé grand partie de leur temps à l'industrie art et usage de l'impression d'écriture, de la quelle par leur cure et diligence ils ont fait faire plusieurs beaux livres singuliers et exquis tant d'Histoires que des diverses heures, dont ils ont envoyé en plusieurs et divers lieux, et mesurement en notre ville et Cité de Paris, tant a cause de la notable Université qui y est, que aussi, pource que c'est la ville Capitale de notre Royaume, et ont commis plusieurs gens pour iceux livres vendre et distribuer," etc., etc. ["On the part of our dear and well-beloved friends, Conrad Hannequis and Peter Schœffer, resident merchants of the city

of Mayence, in Germany, we have been shown that they have spent a good portion of their time in acquiring and practicing the art of printing from writing, and with great care and perseverance they have brought out many new books, which are both exquisite and rare, treating of historical and other subjects. These books have been distributed in many and divers places, and have even reached our town and city of Paris, having been sent here, not only because it is the site of a famous university, but also because it is the capital of our kingdom. They have appointed numerous gentlemen as their agents to sell and distribute them," etc. etc.]

It is rather singular, in connection with the history of printing, so aptly termed the "Art preservative of arts," that, while it records the birth of other inventions, no positive record exists of its own. In every age and country it is nearly the same. While bibliographers, printers and historians still dispute respecting the first printers, and various cities lay claims to having cradled the young giant, no positive record exists respecting the first printing-press set up in the young State of Illinois, and the best-informed authorities differ respecting the title of the first newspaper here, though it is but little more than half a century since the State first contained a printing-office. No one can open a book upon typography, which makes any pretensions to accuracy, without discovering at least some reference to the dispute between the partisans of William Caxton and his Westminster Abbey press and those of Frederick Corsellis, who is said to have set up a press at Oxford ten years earlier than the mercer's apprentice began his labors in the chapel at Westminster. We are informed that the press was established in America near the close of the sixteenth century, and that the earliest American book known bears the date of 1571; while Thomas's History of Printing asserts that a press was established at Mexico some years before 1569.

Speaking of "first things," the first press in North America was established at Cambridge in 1639, the first printer being Stephen Daye; the first book printed by him was the Bay Psalm

Book, issued in 1640, a copy of which cannot now be bought for less than five hundred dollars. The first copyright granted in America was issued in May, 1672, by the General Court of Massachusetts, to John Usher, who had undertaken the publication of the laws at his own expense, and was given the sole privilege of printing and selling the same. The first newspaper in America was a reprint of the "London Gazette," containing an account of an engagement with the French, issued by William Bradford, at New York, in 1696.

Of so-called "curious" books there is hardly an end. One of these, in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society, is a volume of tracts upon Freemasonry, the cover of which is secured with a lock and key. Scaliger gives an account of a Psalter belonging to his grandmother, the cover of which was two inches thick, and inside it was a kind of cupboard, wherein was a small silver crucifix, and behind it the name of Bernecia Codronia de la Scala; the book itself was printed from blocks of wood. Readers of the present day are often indignant at the discovery of typographical errors in books, or even in daily newspapers, though they may be of very rare occurrence; yet Mr. Beloe, in his "Anecdotes of Literature," tells us of the works of Pica Mirandula, printed at Strasburg, in 1507, by a printer named Knoblouch, the *errata* of which volume occupy no less than fifteen pages. A very rare book is an edition of the Codex Justiniani, printed at Nuremberg in 1475, by And. Frisner and Joan Semsenschmidt, printed in columns, in the Gothic (or black letter) character, the colophon being printed in red ink, beneath which the arms of the printer were printed in red ink also. (It is recorded that once "printers were gentlemen and wore swords.") One of the rarest of rare books is a work of St. Thomas Aquinas, printed by John Gutenberg, in 1460, which consists of thirteen leaves,

printed in long lines, of which there are thirty-four to the page; the only mark of punctuation in it is the period; the paper is thick, white, and good. Sixty years ago a copy of this book existed in the library of the Bishop of Ely (England); what has since become of it we do not know. Another very rare book is a small quarto, which sells at a prodigious price, bearing the following quaint title: "The first Booke of THE HISTORIE and CONQUEST of the EAST INDIES, enterprised by the Portingales in their dangerous Navigations in the Time of King Don John, the second of that Name, which Historie containeth much Varietie of Matter very profitable for all Navigators, and not unpleasant to the Readers; set forth in the Portingale Language by Hernan Lopes de Castaneda, and now translated into English by N. L., Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Thomas East. 1582." The translator was Nicholas Lichfield, a distinguished person in his day, a great traveller, who was present at many eminent battles. The knowledge of geography possessed by writers in that day may be judged by the second page of this volume, where the "Emperour of Ethiopia" is represented as conquered by "the great Cam of Catayo"—that is, the Emperor of China! A rare and exceedingly curious tract is the following: "Quo VADIS? a just Censure of Travell, as it is commonly undertaken by Gentlemen of our Nation. By Jos. Hall, D. of Divinitie, 12mo. for Nathaniel Butler, 1617." In this work the learned prelate strongly condemns the practice of travelling in foreign countries, then much affected by young Englishmen. In 1648, Robert Ibbitson printed, at London, a tract in quarto, entitled, "A Glasse for the Times, by which, according to the Scripture, you may clearly behold the true Ministers of Christ how farre differing from false Teachers." In this curious work we find John Milton enumerated among those whose errors are "so grosse they need no further confutation."

Books were formerly so highly valued that kings desiring loans of them were compelled to deposit securities in large sums for their safe return, royal verbal or written pledges being lightly esteemed by the scholars who were so rich as to possess these literary treasures. We have before us a curious illustration of the jealous care with which such treasures were guarded, in a photograph of the famous chained library in Hereford Cathedral, England, where each book is chained to its shelf, each chain terminating in a ring passed through a horizontal bar, at the end of which is a padlock. The poet Southey, when on a visit to Hereford in 1798, spent several hours in this library, and obtained the information he needed by standing on a pile of folios placed on a table, and resting the volume required, which chanced to be located on the topmost shelf, on a second pile. The volumes consulted by the poet were the "Nuremberg Chronicle," and that of William of Malmesbury. The result of his investigations was the well-known ballad of the "Old Woman of Berkeley." The Hereford Cathedral Library contains about 2,000 volumes, mostly in Latin, of which 236 are manuscripts and chained as before described. The oldest of these is an Anglo-Saxon copy of the four Gospels, bequeathed by Athelstan (A.D. 1012-56), the last Saxon Bishop of this see. Among the other rarities are a nearly perfect copy of the Hereford Use, or Liturgy performed in this diocese, dated 1265; a copy of the original Wicliffe Bible; Higden's Polychronicon, with additions by William Caxton, 1495; and the famous map of the world, dated about A.D. 1314, and believed, next to that in the Florence Cathedral, to be the oldest in existence. The practice of chaining books in libraries probably originated at some period of public commotion and insecurity, and continued until the commencement of the last century, for in 1715 a library thus protected was bequeathed by William

Brewster, M. D., to the Church of All Saints, London.

There is a curious literary note in the fifth volume of Mr. Beloe's work. Writing in 1811, Mr. Beloe says: "The principal person concerned in the direction of the Imperial Library at Paris is a German of the name of Van Praet, and perhaps his equal in bibliographical knowledge is nowhere to be found. In this respect he is a second Magliabechi. He not only knows the contents of every more valuable library in Europe, but the precise situation in which the choicest literary treasures are deposited. Woe be to that region, possessing any of these curiosities, which may be exposed to the incursions of French troops. The leader carries with him a schedule of the '*Libri Considerati*,' and the particular place in which they may be found, and, without any compunctious feelings, they are speedily transferred to Paris." This fashion of the "conquerors ruling the conquered" would find few advocates at the present day.

Books are the best of friends. By night and by day, they are companions and helpmates, never refusing the calls upon them for information or amusement. Whether we wish to add to our limited store of wisdom, or unbend from the mental tension which daily toil imposes, we never fail to find in them the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Whether in palace or hovel, at rest or in motion, sick or well, books are never-failing sources of delight. We pity the man who possesses no books; who, when his day's toil is done, has only himself to look to for mental stimulus. May all such soon learn that no friends are so true, no companions so silent when solitude is desired, or so communicative when solitude is wearisome. Some one has truly said that "books, like friends and wine, improve with age." So, in sunshine and storm, in summer and winter, in prosperity and adversity, commend us to books—old books.)

WHO WAS SOUVREIGNE?

BY L. A. ROBERTS.

IT was in the fall of 1844 that Emile Souvreigne first came to Baltimore to reside, in the unpretending character of a music-teacher. He had spent the two preceding years in Philadelphia, in the pursuit of a like humble calling—that of teacher of the French language in a young ladies' seminary. He admitted, however, that he had a more ambitious aim in coming to America than his pursuit of either of these vocations would imply. He had for years studied, with ever-increasing interest, he declared, the history and institutions of our republic, which he regarded as the model government of the world; and he had now come among us in the hope of being enabled to study our social and domestic life through familiar intercourse with our citizens at their homes. He had enjoyed in Philadelphia every facility that could be desired for the furtherance of this project, having won his way without difficulty into the choicest society of the city. He had been especially impressed with the many admirable traits of that circle of wealthy and cultivated Quakers peculiar to Philadelphia, which has long been remarked by discriminating foreigners as forming one of the most charming features of society in America; and he declared unreservedly that if he had desired nothing more than a pleasant home in the United States he would have remained permanently in the city which, through fortuitous circumstances, had offered him his first abiding-place on our shores. But the plan which he had proposed to himself contemplated an extended tour of the States, that should occupy several years and afford him

opportunity to remain long enough in each considerable city throughout the country to render himself conversant with any distinctive social characteristics it might be found to possess. He had so far made no systematic notes of his observations, he said; and if a book should ever be digested from them—which was possible—it would be written directly from his heart and his head, and not from the dry bones of a tourist's note-book.

Such was Souvreigne's programme, as announced by himself; and though it was certainly an ambitious one, there was that in the man's address and his evident ability and sincerity, which left no doubt in any mind that he was fully equal to the task which he had set for himself. He had brought most flattering credentials from Philadelphia to many prominent business and professional men in Baltimore; and these, together with his eminent social qualities, won for him speedy admission into the selectest circles of a society noted, at that day especially, for its culture and polish.

Notwithstanding this general and hearty reception and recognition, Souvreigne did not escape that social inquisition to which the social lion is everywhere duly subjected. Who was he? Had he no credentials back of those which he had brought from Philadelphia? Might he not, after all, be only a plausible adventurer, with all the gloss but with none of the substance of the courtly gentleman that he appeared to be? It was in evidence that he manifested a marked reluctance to engage in conversation upon any topic relating to his position at home. If pressed with questions

in this direction, as now and then he was by some over-inquisitive person, a cloud would come gradually over his face; he would quickly lose all his vivacity; his answers would be evasive and unsatisfactory; and his appearance of distress would appeal so forcibly to the better nature of his inquisitor, that ordinarily the subject would be speedily dropped. It was proved further that, for some occult reason, this mysterious individual, upon entering a drawing-room, might always be observed to glance swiftly from one to another of all the ladies present, as if searching for a particular and expected face; and in support of this hypothesis it was shown that he habitually avoided gatherings at which he knew he should meet only ladies whom he had previously met, and attended religiously such as promised him opportunity to extend his acquaintance. A habit similar to this last-mentioned was known to mark his conduct even more noticeably in a public assemblage: his omniscient opera-glass seemed always to be seeking for a face which it seemed never to find.

A hundred theories were advanced and canvassed to explain these several peculiarities of a man who was admitted to be, as to all things overt, wholly without reproach. But one conjecture was as idle as another; and as time passed and Souvereigne became more familiarly known, all disposition to suspect or distrust the man melted away before his suavity and accomplishments. If indeed he was only an impostor, he wore the mask of a gentleman with such consummate grace that every day it seemed to fit him better; and at last all question as to his antecedents, failing of any answer whatever, was for the time waived by common consent.

Meantime Souvereigne did not neglect his calling. He took a little office in Lexington Street, put out a little card, and soon had all the pupils he cared to attend to, most of them being young girls whom he instructed at their

homes. It was curious to note how unanimously these fickle creatures began in vehement disparagement and ended in enthusiastic admiration of the new teacher. It should be said in justification of this impulsive criticism, however, that Souvereigne's attraction was of the spirit and not of the flesh; and if one judged him solely by the eye, as school-girls are wont, the judgment was quite likely to be against him. He was a tall and thin man of about thirty, as straight as a line, with a sallow complexion, a bristling beard, a long nose, and dark and very prominent eyes—pleasant enough, these eyes, when you had become accustomed to them, but liable to startle and embarrass others than school-girls merely, when first encountered. His whole countenance wore, in repose, an expression of gloomy and burdensome thoughtfulness; while, to add still further to his forbidding aspect, he appeared on all occasions clad in unrelieved black.

Though Souvereigne came in time to have a large number of acquaintances in Baltimore, and though he was received everywhere and at all times with a most flattering cordiality—as such a man could not fail to be after he had once become known, yet he appeared to make few intimate friends, and was a frequent guest in not more than two or three households. Among these two or three was that of the late Judge Benham—to whom, among others, Souvereigne had brought letters of introduction from Philadelphia, and whose daughter became one of his earliest pupils. Judge Benham will be long remembered as a man who, from the humblest beginning, wrought out for himself, by his unaided exertions, and held unchallenged for many years, a position in the front rank of his profession, at a bar long and widely distinguished for learning and brilliancy. Between him and Souvereigne there grew up from the first a mutual interest and admiration; and in response to often reiterated invitations it became

the habit of the latter, after a while, to spend at least one evening a week, and sometimes two or three, with the Judge in his library at home.

Judge Benham was at this time a widower, his family consisting only of himself and two children—a daughter of about sixteen, named Adele, and a son three years younger. When quite young, the Judge—then just beginning to distinguish himself in his profession, but as yet scarcely known outside his native city—surprised his friends by marrying, after a brief courtship, Miss Adelaide Harnden, a famous beauty, and at the time a leading belle in society at Washington, but older by some few years than himself. This lady's father, Colonel Harnden of Louisiana, had then but recently returned with his family from Paris, where he had spent several years as an *attaché* of the United States legation; and he now held the position of Assistant Postmaster-General. In Paris Miss Harnden had been noted for her grace and beauty, and frequent rumors reached her friends at home of her brilliant conquests in the gay capital. It was even reported at one time that she had formed a matrimonial engagement with a very high dignitary indeed—a member of the royal household, who afterwards became somewhat distinguished in connection with the French diplomatic service. But time brought no confirmation of this report, and the whole story had been set at rest by the return of Miss Harnden to America with her father's family, as has been said. With a crowd of suitors in her train, some of whom were by no means insignificant personages, Miss Harnden chose at last to accept the hand of the handsome but comparatively obscure young attorney, who loved her ardently, as she knew, and who, from that day until the day of her death—a period of about fifteen years—never wavered in his devotion to her.

On the occasions of Souvereigne's

visits to Judge Benham, Adele, who was the idol of her father and his favorite companion at all times, was almost always present as a listener to the conversation, and sometimes herself joined in it. Indeed, Souvereigne's bright spirits at these times, his quick apprehension and ready sympathy, were all so infectious that even the dullest mortal could hardly listen for half an hour to his glowing talk without being himself moved to speak as well as to listen. Adele was far from dull; and it not unfrequently happened that Judge Benham, who was of a more phlegmatic and methodical habit than either his daughter or his guest, would suddenly find himself left far behind in a controversy which he had been conducting patiently and logically, while the impetuous Adele fought out his battle for him with such spirit and vigor as to quite bewilder him. As for Souvereigne, however he may have been impressed with the weight of her argument, he at any rate found it difficult to withstand the flushed cheeks and flashing eyes of his vehement little adversary; and thus she had often the dubious satisfaction, deprecated by many a clever woman whose misfortune it has been to be beautiful as well as clever, of seeing her most impregnable logic entirely miscarry, while her dazed antagonist yielded point after point, and ultimately the whole field to the mere force of her beauty.

Judge Benham may be excused for failing to consider, in the pleasure of listening to them, the result to which these amicable strifes were pretty sure to lead, sooner or later. He repented keenly his remissness when the truth was one day suddenly revealed to him.

Coming home from his office one evening, he found upon his library-desk a letter addressed to himself, and indorsed "Private." Seating himself, the Judge adjusted his glasses, opened the letter deliberately, read it at a glance, read it a second time, and

then sprang to his feet, his face flushed crimson.

"The scoundrel!" he cried. "Adele, you know what this letter contains! This immaculate man has stolen the heart of my daughter, has he? I trusted you, my child!"

It was Adele's turn to grow indignant now.

"If you mean Souvereigne," she exclaimed, "then I'm sure I do n't know what he has done. He has never said one word to me."

"Perhaps you would like to read what he has said to me?"

"I am not afraid to read it, Sir!"

"Well, read it." And he gave her the letter which had caused all this tumult, and which was indeed from Souvereigne. She also read it at a glance, and read it a second time; and then she looked straight into her father's face, and said once more, with a sob, "He has never said a word to me!" and then broke down and cried immoderately for ten minutes.

Meantime the Judge sat down before the grate and warmed his toes while his anger cooled.

What did this incendiary document really contain? Only a line or two to say that the writer would do himself the honor to call upon Judge Benham at ten o'clock the following morning, to ask him for the hand of his daughter, whom he loved.

And yet Adele was quite right in saying that he had never said one word to her — one word, as she meant, to foreshadow the declaration contained in this brief note to her father. But if it be asked whether or not that declaration was as complete a surprise to her as it certainly was to the Judge, the question must be evaded. Who can fathom a woman's intuitions?

Drying her tears at last, Adele came and knelt beside her father's low chair, and laid her fresh cheek against his hoary beard; and for a while they both looked into the coals together, without a word on either side. The fires of his wrath had not quite died

out of the Judge's heart, and he could not trust himself to speak; and as for Adele, she had nothing to say — she only waited for the law to be proclaimed.

"Has this man ever annoyed you in any way?" asked the father at last.

"Never! He is the truest gentleman I ever saw!" the daughter answered quickly, and with a flicker of excitement in her eyes that disquieted him anew.

"Nevertheless, he is a scoundrel!" he cried hotly, "as all roving Frenchmen are. He shall be admitted when he comes in the morning; but thenceforward, Adele, you will neither see him nor speak of him."

The law was proclaimed. Behold the sequence!

Punctually at the hour appointed the next morning, Souvereigne came and was received by Judge Benham in his library. Something more than an hour later, Adele (from her tower) saw him go away, her father following him to the door and bowing him a gracious adieu. Then she was summoned to the library herself, and came out presently with a new light in her eyes. From that time no secret was made of the fact that Souvereigne had been successful in his suit, and that his marriage with Miss Benham would be celebrated in the early spring.

Who was Souvereigne? This question had now gained a new element of interest, and its discussion was at once resumed and carried on with the greatest avidity. It could not be doubted that it had been answered to the satisfaction of Judge Benham, who was punctilious to a fault; but neither he nor Adele chose to enlighten the public mind upon the subject. All the information that could be elicited from other sources amounted to little. It was found that Souvereigne had received letters addressed to the Count de Laudret, and had had transactions with his bankers in the same name. Once while in Philadelphia he had been visited by an elderly French

gentleman, who, from various circumstances, was believed to be a person of distinction, and who had importuned Souvregne to return to France. A leading publishing-house in New York, judging that a book was likely to result from the observations of so intelligent a traveller as Souvregne, had sent an agent to him soon after his arrival in the country with a very liberal offer for anything he might choose to publish; but Souvregne had replied that he did not desire to make an engagement in advance of the completion of a work which, in fact, might never be completed at all, and that in any event he should not find it necessary to publish with any view to pecuniary considerations. And once, opening a letter in the presence of an acquaintance, and finding a remittance enclosed, he had exclaimed, "Why does he send me more money? I am an independent citizen, and carry my fortune in my own hands!"

These few inconclusive facts, with a great mass of conjectures, more or less plausible, were diligently discussed for nine days at least; and it being by that time generally agreed that, whoever Souvregne might be, he was at any rate not a penniless adventurer, society was once more appeased, and proceeded to address itself to a fresher topic.

And so, as to the essential and startling fact, the question still remained unanswered. Well it might, indeed! for though Judge Benham had demanded of Souvregne, when he came to sue for the hand of Adele, the most explicit vouchers as to his character and position at home, and though Souvregne had responded frankly, and satisfactorily as the result proved, yet neither Judge Benham nor Souvregne himself could have suspected the answer that, to the dismay of both, was given to the question by events a few months later.

Though Souvregne was now more frequently at Judge Benham's house than formerly, his evenings there were

passed in much the same way as before. This man was no common lover. Superior to mere sentiment, he may be said to have loved with his head rather than with his heart. He seemed never so happy as when, in conversation with her father in the old way, he had succeeded in so engaging the interest of Adele while she listened, as that she would break out suddenly into either impetuous contradiction or the warmest approval of his statements or assumptions. Indeed, a man of pure intellect like Souvregne might well be pardoned for yielding to the charm of such fine talents as Adele certainly possessed; especially as her beauty, which was a beauty of expression even more than of feature, reached its highest estate only when she was thoroughly roused.

The group at these fireside conversations, as it almost always arranged itself, formed as pleasant a picture as will often be seen. On one side of the open grate lounged in his easy-chair the white-haired and white-bearded Judge. By his side sat Adele, fondling with her soft fingers his snowy fleece, blowing little eddies in it with her lips, braiding it into a score of mimic pig-tails, or spreading it into a silver veil through which she peeped coquettishly at her future lord across the rug. He, Souvregne, always in black, erect, large-eyed, and massive of forehead, with his glossy black beard combed now to a point upon his breast, looked at the girl's face almost constantly, while he talked, never quite losing the tinge of sadness from his own; while old Santo, the dog, with long white hair like his master's, having early lost his heart to Souvregne, lay slumbering at that gentleman's feet, or sat between his knees and looked wistfully into his eyes.

Souvregne would sometimes, of a clear night, move his chair to the southern window, and looking with his great eyes at the stars, discourse of the glory of the firmament. Then

all conversation would cease—the Judge and Adele, and even the reverent Santo, sitting spell-bound while Souvregne gave himself up to rhapsody upon the theme that was most fascinating to him. The finest compliment he ever paid Adele was when, upon turning away from her once to trace a constellation for her brother, he said, apologetically, "Pardon! It is the face of Heaven that I turn to, Mademoiselle!"

No one of the hundred or two persons who heard the lecture delivered by Souvregne, at the solicitation of friends, in Maule's old hall in Charles street, about this time, will find any difficulty, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century, in recalling the event and the novel circumstances attending it. The subject of the lecture was "The Great Constellations." After talking rapidly for twenty minutes or more, and endeavoring with rather ill success to demonstrate by means of charts the relative positions in the heavens of the principal constellations, the lecturer suddenly paused, and going to a window at the end of the stage, opened it and looked out. Coming forward again, he said, "The vast chart of the Almighty hangs over our heads! Come with me!" And he walked down the aisle to the door and out into the street, his little audience, amused and curious, pressing after him; and there, standing upon the curb-stone, with intent listeners clustering round him, Souvregne went on with his lecture to the end—sweeping the heavens with his ratan cane, and greatly embarrassing the policeman on that beat, who was by no means clear in his mind, until haply he discovered his honor the mayor in the midst of the listening congregation, whether or not it was his duty to disperse the crowd and arrest the speech-maker as a disturber of the peace.

Among Souvregne's auditors on this occasion there chanced to be a gentleman, casually in the city, who

was seeking instructors for a new college in the West over which he had himself been chosen to preside. This gentleman was so impressed with the singular eloquence and evident erudition of the lecturer, that he sought an interview with him, and ultimately secured his acceptance of a sort of omnibus professorship in the institution under his charge. Souvregne accepted this the more readily, because, in view of his marriage, he had determined to reside permanently in this country, and felt the necessity of entering as soon as might be upon some settled occupation, and of obtaining somewhere a fixed habitation. His original project of temporary residence in successive cities had been given up, for the time at least. Convinced that in the position which had thus fallen to him he would find abundant opportunity for honorable and useful labor, Souvregne devoted himself diligently to the necessary preparations for assuming his new duties at the commencement of the collegiate year in April, barely two months from the day of his engagement.

The time for the marriage had not heretofore been definitely fixed, but it was now determined that it should take place previous to Souvregne's departure for the West, and that his bride should accompany him thither. Adele never offered an objection to any of Souvregne's plans; but she acquiesced in his suggestions and listened to his projects for the future with such a lack of enthusiasm, such an apparent want of anything like a personal interest in them even, as greatly disturbed Souvregne, who had counted upon her heartiest sympathy and coöperation in a matter wherein she was really concerned equally with himself. In truth, there had come over Adele, all at once, a spirit of foreboding and dread in relation to her approaching nuptials. It seemed to her, she confessed to her father, as if she must be dreaming, and as if she should never in the world

be Souvreigne's wife—never in the world.

A woman's instincts are inscrutable. Adele was indeed dreaming, and the hour of her awakening was near at hand.

One dull morning in March, only a fortnight before the day fixed for the marriage to take place, Judge Benham was summoned in haste to the hotel at which Souvreigne resided. Upon reaching there, he was shocked beyond expression to learn that his friend was lying at the point of death, having been suffocated by an escape of gas in the close room in which he slept. As such a casualty could not, under the circumstances, be reasonably referred to accident, there was no plausible escape from the inference that Souvreigne had deliberately chosen this method of destroying his life.

The shock of this startling event to Adele proved not so great as her father had anticipated. She heard the terrible tidings as something half expected, and seemed to look upon the calamity as nothing more than the inevitable realization of the undefined terror that for weeks had oppressed her. It was clear, moreover, that she had not loved Souvreigne as she had been misled by her admiration and esteem for him to believe; and if, with her grief and horror at his death, there mingled a sense of not ungrateful relief, her emotions shall not be arraigned at this late day.

Who, then, was Souvreigne?

On his last visit at Judge Benham's house, on the evening before his death,

Souvreigne had been shown a miniature portrait, set in a locket, of the late Mrs. Benham, painted when that lady was in Paris, and highly prized by the Judge as presenting a much more faithful likeness than the life-size picture, made a few months before her death, which hung upon the library wall. Souvreigne took the miniature in his hand, looked at it intently for one moment, placed his hand suddenly upon his heart, blanched white as death, and then, recovering himself somewhat, begged to be excused as feeling not quite well, made his adieux with his accustomed grace, and departed.

Does this circumstance suggest the answer to the question so often asked? Most fortunately it did not to Adele, who was permitted to live happily for many years and to die at last in total ignorance of its significance. But to Judge Benham, Fortune was less kind.

Next his heart, as was discovered when he was dead, Souvreigne wore a rich locket, elaborately chased and gemmed, on one side of which was inscribed in English the words, "*To little Emile, from his Mother,*" and on the other, "*God keep my boy.*" Opening this locket mechanically, Judge Benham started, as he might have started had his dead wife come out of her grave and suddenly stood before him; for there, encircled with pearls, was her own beautiful face confronting him!

And thus at last was the long pending question answered.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGES AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. By Noah Porter, D.D., Professor in Yale College. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This book is one of the many which have been called forth by the re-opening of the old and vexed question touching the true end of a collegiate education. This question, which has been at various times keenly discussed in this country and Great Britain, has of late years challenged a deeper and more general attention than ever before; and it is to be hoped that the debate may continue till all the facts that can throw light upon it shall have been elicited, and the main points in dispute, at least, finally adjudicated.

The lines are now fairly drawn, and the opinions put forth by the contending parties are so diametrically opposite as scarcely to admit of compromise. On the one hand are ranged the friends of classical learning, who, though admitting the necessity of some changes and improvements in the methods of teaching Latin and Greek, yet would make these languages, along with mathematics, the principal means of culture, and the sciences only subsidiary. Even the partial recognition of the value of the sciences which has been thus far made in our courses of study, they suspect to be an unwise concession to popular clamor; and further encroachments they are determined to resist at whatever hazard, either of their own popularity or that of the colleges in which they are interested. On the other hand are the friends of "the new education," as it is called — the progressive, or, as its opponents style it, the destructive party — who contend that our present educational methods are antiquated and unfit for the age we live in; that, though suited to the mediæval ages by which they have been bequeathed to us, they have fallen out of harmony with the intellectual necessities

of modern times, and need to be radically changed. Why, they ask, should we deify antiquity, and reverence a course of study, not because it is wise, but because it is ancient? Why should we adhere to a system shaped years ago, when the human intellect was comparatively in its infancy; when the little knowledge men had was locked up in the Greek and the Latin, and when the French, the German, and the English, in which the profoundest thinkers now clothe their thoughts, and which can boast of literatures far richer in matter, if less perfect in form, than those of antiquity, were barbarous tongues? What can be more preposterous than a method of education which, limiting the student to the mathematics and to languages and literatures which have ceased to be of living interest, ignores the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, overlooks the giant advances of the human mind, despises the great discoveries that have revolutionized society, is blind to the great lessons of social science furnished by modern history, and finally sends the pupil into the world's conflicts as little prepared for its battles as a man armed with the bow and arrow or the pike of the middle ages, to cope with one armed with the Minie-rifle or the needle-gun of the nineteenth century? How absurd, it is said, to talk of the intellectual treasures locked up in the languages of Greece and Rome, when, even admitting all that is claimed for them, it is notorious that not one college graduate in ten is ever familiar enough with those languages to give him a command of the treasures they enclose! And as to the boasted "discipline" which they impart, can anything be more foolish than to suppose that Nature, in this one instance, has deviated from the rule of severe economy which distinguishes her everywhere else, and has made two sets of machinery necessary where one might have sufficed — or

ained, that is, that the mind shall require one class of studies for subjective culture, and another class to provide material for it to work upon?

While the battle of opinion has thus raged, the radical party, it must be confessed, have enjoyed a decided advantage over their opponents in the fact that the conservative educators have not agreed among themselves. The mathematicians have claimed that only by exact science can the highest mental discipline or ability in reasoning be attained; while the philologists have retorted that the mathematics dry up the finer emotions of our nature; that, dealing only with necessary truth, they lend no aid in moral reasoning; that, as Napoleon said of Laplace, they lead men to carry into the discharge of great duties the spirit of infinitesimal qualities, and, in questions of religion, policy, or common life, to oscillate between the extremes of credulity and skepticism.

Meanwhile a third party has sprung up, small perhaps in numbers, but embracing some of our most thoughtful and experienced educators, who hold a middle ground between the conservatives and the red republicans. Refusing to join in the hue-and-cry against the present system of study as worthless, they yet believe that education has been for too many centuries the child of authority and precedent. Acknowledging the improvements made within a few years, they declare them still inadequate to the necessities of the times, and assert that, while the social forces of the nation have been moving in geometrical progression, the growth of its intellectual culture has not exceeded the arithmetical ratio. Yielding to none in their esteem for classical learning, they believe the time has come when that learning must relinquish its claim to the lion's share of the educational course, and are seeking to discover to what extent it must yield to other studies. Recognizing fully the importance of intellectual discipline, they hold that to communicate knowledge is also one of the ends of education, and that, as the studies which conduce to mental training impart more or less knowledge, and as those which convey knowledge, if properly taught, must produce intellectual culture, the two

ends may be harmonized, and that thus only can the grandest results be secured.

It is with the opinions of this last class of educators that we most nearly sympathize. That education should keep pace with the growth of knowledge, and have some relation to the wants and demands of the times, we fully believe; but that a sweeping revolution is needed in the things that are taught, or in the mode of teaching, we cannot admit. The reform demanded is not so much a substitution of other branches for those now pursued, as a more rational, thorough, and intelligent teaching of the branches in our present curriculum. The question of the value of classical literature as an instrument of education, need not be argued; it has been decided by an overwhelming majority of persons of culture. We cannot, without prejudice to humanity, separate the present from the past. The nineteenth century strikes its roots into the centuries gone by, and draws nutriment from them. Our whole literature is closely connected with that of the ancients, draws its inspiration from it, and can be understood only by constant reference to it. As a means of that encyclopædic culture which is one of the most imperious demands of modern society, an acquaintance with foreign, and especially with classic literature, is absolutely indispensable; for the records of knowledge and of thought are many-tongued, and even if a great writer could have wreaked his thoughts upon expression in another language, it is certain that another mind can only in a few cases adequately translate them. It is only by the study of different languages and different literatures, ancient as well as modern, that we can escape that narrowness of thought, that Chinese cast of mind, which characterizes those persons who know no language but their own, and learn to distinguish what is essentially, universally, and eternally good and true from what is the result of accident, local circumstances, or the fleeting circumstances of the time. It is useless to say that we know human nature thoroughly, if we know nothing of antiquity; and we can know antiquity only by study of the originals. Mitford, Grote, and Mommsen differ, and the reader who consults them

with no knowledge of Greek or Latin, is at the mercy of the last author he has perused. It has been frequently remarked that every school of thinkers has its mannerism and its mania, for which there is no cure but intercourse with those who are free from them, and constant access to the models of perfect and immutable excellence which other ages have produced and all ages have acknowledged. It is a fact certainly not without significance, that nearly all the great statesmen of England were fine classical scholars. Fox, the English Demosthenes, complains in his letters of the interruptions of politics, while he speaks with delight of whole days devoted to the classics. Sheridan, it is said, pored over Euripides day and night, and drew from the Greek poet the inspiration of his eloquence. The apartments of Pitt were strewn with Greek and Latin classics, and he was pronounced by one who knew him intimately the best Greek scholar in the kingdom. In our own day the linguistic accomplishments of Derby and Gladstone are known to all. Sir Robert Peel asserts that by far the greater proportion of the chief names that have floated down and are likely to remain buoyant on the stream of time, are those of men eminent for classical tastes. "Take the Cambridge Calendar, or take the Oxford Calendar for two hundred years," says Macaulay, "look at the church, parliament, or the bar, and it has always been the case that the men who were first in the competition of the schools, were first in the competition of life."

Professor Porter, the author of the work before us, is an earnest and enthusiastic advocate of the old established system of college education, which he champions almost *à l'outrance*. He admits, it is true, that that system has its defects, but he evidently regards them as few in number and insignificant in comparison with its merits. The work is vigorously written, and shows a profound knowledge of the workings of our machinery of education; and those assailants of our colleges who may choose to take up the gauntlet which he has here boldly thrown down, will find him a foe-man worthy of their steel. In the first chapter he gives a brief history of the

various attacks which have been made during the last fifty years upon our colleges and their methods of teaching. He next examines the tribunal before which the colleges are arraigned—a tribunal "which, in the present instance, is both assailant and judge;" and he finds it to consist, first, of *educational reformers*, whose stock in trade consists of a scanty outfit of a few facts imperfectly conceived and incorrectly recited, in respect to the modes of education pursued in the middle ages. "Of literature such persons have only indefinite or low conceptions as a subject of interest or critical study. A travelling lecturer is, in their view, the model of a university professor. Superficial and second-hand knowledge, exaggerated declamation, paradoxical antithesis, and sensational extravagance, are the desired characteristics of university instruction." Another class of assailants is drawn from that "very numerous and most respectable class of self-made men, who have risen to eminence without a collegiate education." Another important element in the tribunal before which the colleges are summoned to answer, consists of the many graduates of the colleges who have received little advantage from their college training, or are unconscious of the advantages which they have received in fact. In answer to the complaints of such, Dr. Porter contends that all processes that are properly gymnastic and disciplinary perform a service and impart benefits of which the recipient is unconscious at the time of receiving them, and which, unless he has given special attention to education as a study, he can not fully appreciate by subsequent reflection. To those graduates who condemn the course which was prescribed to them in college, because it did not fit them more directly for the callings or duties of their actual life, he puts the following pertinent questions:

"Why should it be so easy for a man to forget that when in college he was something of a boy, and to cheat himself with the fond persuasion that any system of study would have endowed him with the wisdom and forecast of a man? Why should reflecting men persuade themselves that a college training can of itself give the wisdom of age to the thoughtlessness of youth, or wake up that enthusiasm for self-development which experience only can develop? It is most unreasonable, unjust, and ungrateful to demand of any system of education

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an institution of learning that it should place in the bow of the vessel which rushes impetuously before the breeze, those glowing 'stern lights,' which, even for the earnest and wise, shine so sadly and so luridly over the path which has engulfed so many good resolutions, so many vain essays, so many ambitious plans, so many schemes of study, so many promised acquisitions of knowledge and power; which path for the vicious and indolent is but a foaming and dreary waste of ruin."

The second chapter is devoted to "The Studies of the American Colleges," and is a vigorous and earnest defence of the curriculum adopted at Yale and most of our other colleges. The author asserts that the modern reformers who clamor for what they call practical education, forget that as soon as the student steps forth into life, modern thinking, modern literature, and modern culture, will take him almost exclusively into their possession, and will assert supreme control over his education. "The Scientific School," insists Dr. P., "itself presents the best evidence of the truth that a course of liberal training is pre-eminently fitted to qualify the student to make the most rapid and successful progress in pure and applied science. The well-trained graduate of a college, with strong scientific tastes, will often in a few months overtake and surpass his companion who has had an apprenticeship of years in exclusively scientific activities. His power of analysis and method, his capacity for easy comprehension, for wide generalization, and for rapid achievement, as well as his greater subtlety in interpreting nature, will be conspicuous. * * * It forms no objection to a study that its acquisitions cannot be used. The acquisitions of a noble soul cannot but be used. They may not be recorded in the memory, indeed, but they are wrought and ingrained into the very structure of the intellectual and active powers, and they make themselves manifest, not merely now and then when a fact is to be recalled and a date corrected, but on every occasion on which the man is called to think, speak, or write; to feel, resolve, or act; to deliberate, advise, or inspire."

Some of the champions of "the new education" talk as if education in natural science would be a panacea for dull boys—as if it would usher in an educational millennium, the golden age of the schoolmas-

ter. They forget the fact that there are scores of young men in every large school, who, when you have done your best to educate them, will know very little and will know that little ill. There are dull, heavy boys—boys of slipshod, unretentive, inactive minds, whom neither Latin grammar nor natural science—neither college professor nor angels—can convert into cultivated men. Yet how often our colleges are complained of because they do not convert dunces into brilliant scholars—because they do not supply brains as well as culture—as if all the whetting in the world could give an edge where there is no steel! While the failure of some students results from a lack of natural capacity, that of others is caused by their deficiency in general culture, and the discipline and refinement which such a culture involves. The following paragraph deserves to be deeply pondered by all fathers who contemplate sending their sons through college:

"The power of a college to impart is limited by the capacity of the student to receive and appropriate its manifold educating influences. The incapacity of the student to receive may arise as truly from his ignorance of English Grammar and Geography, of History and Rhetoric, and even of Natural History, as from his weakness in Arithmetic or the Latin Grammar. Not a few students who are entirely competent to pass the prescribed examination with credit—of the vulgar rich as well as the vulgar poor—are so illiterate and uninformed in their general culture, and so unrefined in their tastes, as to be almost incapable of taking that higher polish which the college curriculum and the college life are fitted to impart to a receptive and refined nature. If the colleges are to aim to become more positively refining and liberal in their culture, they will need youths whose general as well as special training has been liberal and refined both at school and at home."

Dr. Porter expresses a doubt whether too much time is not expended in our colleges on the mere grammatical study of the classics. He questions, we think with good grounds, whether this perpetual drill-work might not be profitably exchanged by degrees for those higher enjoyments to which the ancient writers invite when their works are read as literature, or are studied with logical or æsthetical analysis, or are recited with a distinct regard to rhetorical praxis and improvement. Certain it is that few students of to-day leave college with their

minds saturated with the spirit of the classics, or having that keen relish for their felicities of thought and style which prompts one to recur to them again and again, with ever-increasing delight, in after years. Professor Bowen hardly exaggerates when he says that formerly we studied grammar in order to read the classics; now-a-days the classics seem to be studied as a means of learning grammar. We fully agree with him regarding the results of this perpetual gerund-grinding; that "a more effectual means could not have been invented of rendering the pupil insensible to the beauties of the ancient poets, orators, and historians—of inspiring disgust alike with Homer and Virgil, Xenophon and Tacitus, —than to make their words mere pegs on which to hang long disquisitions on the latest refinements in philology, and attempts to systematize euphonic changes and other free developments of stems and roots."

The author has some excellent remarks on the subject of teaching by lectures, in the exclusive use of which he has little faith; and he also combats with much force the "elective" system of study, lately adopted at Harvard and some other colleges. He denies that students, at the end of the Freshman year, are usually capable of selecting between any two proposed studies or courses of study. They can neither tell at that age in what they are fitted to excel, nor even what will please them best. Their tastes are either unformed, or capricious and prejudiced; if they are decided and strong, they often require correction. The study which is the farthest removed from that which strikes his fancy may be the very study which is most needed for the student. The preferences are also likely to be fickle. So far as the studies presented for selection are professional or practical, "it is not desirable that they should be entered on at so early a period of the education. What might seem to be gained in proficiency or time is lost many times over in mental breadth and power by a neglect of the studies which are disciplinary and general. The student who begins the study of theology or law in his Sophomore or Junior year, or pursues a course of reading which has a special relation to his future profession, in ninety out

of a hundred cases becomes a greatly inferior theologian or lawyer in consequence, and does not appreciably abridge the time required by his professional preparation."

Among the other topics discussed in the volume are: The Enforcement of Fidelity, The Evils of the College System and their Remedies, The Common Life of the College, The Dormitory System (which is defended by many cogent arguments), The Class System, The Religious Character of Colleges, The Relation of Colleges to One Another, etc. etc. The book, as a whole, is an able and thoughtful one, and may be regarded as an outspoken defence of the old-fashioned system that prevails at Yale against the "modern improvements" of which President Elliott of Harvard is the champion and exponent. The style, though not remarkable for elegance, pith, or power, and abounding in no striking or memorable passages that stick like barbed arrows in the memory, is yet clear and forcible; and we commend the volume to all who are interested in the discussion now going on concerning our colleges, as a valuable contribution to our educational literature.

POEMS BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
Boston: Roberts Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The American publishers of this book are the same who gave us Christina Rossetti's verses three years or so ago. Christina is not much known: she is a rare intimate of Jean Ingelow, and has genius enough to command attention; but has produced nothing, we believe, beyond a single volume which was printed by Miss Ingelow's publishers at her earnest request and with Christina's bare consent.

Gabriel is Christina's brother, and thus the links of association grow. He has long been a choice and noble workman with the pencil, and always with an equal capacity for verses—for the verses now first printed were mostly written very long ago, and left asleep in old portfolios.

The worst part of the book is the curious paragraph in brackets which serves as a preface. The gist of it is in the last sentence: "It has been thought unnecessary to specify the earlier work, as nothing is included which the author believes to be

immature." No other trace of self-consciousness appears in the book. Quite on the contrary, the poems throughout are exquisitely simple, sustained, and pure.

There is a wide difference between the "Poems" which constitute the first division of the book and occupy rather more than one-half the pages, and the "Sonnets and Songs" which come next and have a separate title-page to announce that they are "towards a work to be called 'The House of Life.'"

The concluding division is made up of "Sonnets for Pictures and other Sonnets."

This contrast is one of the most striking we have ever met, of its kind. The "Poems" flow fresh and free as mountain streams; they were written to relieve a full brain. The "Sonnets and Songs" are as artificial as an architect's plans. It is in the last degree difficult to understand how the same hand should write both and give them to be bound up in the same book.

It has been well written in a recent criticism that Mr. Rossetti is wholly a painter—not less upon paper than on canvas; and this suggestion is the key to his work.

An artist is one who has educated an organization exceptionally sensitive to sensuous objects, until it has become approximately a photographer's plate for the close definition of objective phenomena. It may be landscapes, limbs, faces, sea-views, flowers, mountains, dogs or horses that enchant him; he may model, draw, or color;—but with sensuous objects and their sensuous representation he is always employed. Sensuousness becomes sensuality, if moral culture is neglected; becomes ethereal and as pure as spirituality itself, if moral culture and thorough mental discipline co-operate.

Of Rossetti, then, all critics must agree to say that his verses are brilliantly colored, objective, and sensuous, and that they are chaste as virginity itself—more chaste than that, as virtue is purer than innocence.

And this last concession, it should be needless to explain, is the highest possible praise. That lawyers and physicians, to whom more than to other men the weakness of human virtue and the strength of human passions are revealed, should be

contaminated by their mere daily surroundings and opportunities, long since ceased to seem surprising: still less by far should be our surprise to see a fine and intense nature, fascinated with forms of beauty and fired with the keenest senses, fall like a moth in the flame of passion it had no thought of awakening beyond control. And there are, it may be stated, no finer spectacles, none more assuring to the noblest hopes of the race, than the complete victories of sensuous natures immersed in sensuous studies, yet daily rising by sure and surer steps away from the sensual toward the spiritual. The enthusiasm with which we applaud a success of this character may safely be generous. It is a success which helps a whole generation.

Since the advent of William Morris we have had no book of new verses so choice as a majority of these; and if the mechanical third had been returned to a portfolio before negotiations were concluded with the printer, the book might have been indexed with Morris's "Paradise," and shelved beside it.

It is always fair—and in the case of a new book almost essential to fairness—to bring forward sample passages in vindication of the critic's characterizations.

Of the "Sonnets for Pictures" one of the best is for a picture of

MARY'S GIRLHOOD.

This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home,
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed:
Because the fulness of the time was come.

Turning forward to the "Poems," one pauses before "Jenny," unquestionably the chief piece of the book.

Its naturalness is simply startling. It is a living, breathing, feeling, thinking, speaking passage of human life; so solemn, so sorrowful, so tender and thrilling and moving, that once witnessed, it must re-

main in memory as something more living
and real than the most of life itself.

Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,
Whose head upon my knee to-night
Rests for a while, as if grown light
With all our dances and the sound
To which the wild tunes spun you round:
Fair Jenny mine, the thoughtless queen
Of kisses which the blush between
Could hardly make much daintier;
Whose eyes are as blue skies, whose hair
Is countless gold incomparable:
Fresh flower, scarce touched with signs that tell
Of Love's exuberant hotbed:—nay,

Poor flower left torn since yesterday
Until to-morrow leave you bare;
Poor handful of bright spring-water
Flung in the whirlpool's shrieking face;
Poor shameful Jenny, full of grace
Thus with your head upon my knee:—
Whose person or whose purse may be
The lodestar of your reverie?

For sometimes, were the truth confess'd,
You're thankful for a little rest,—
Glad from the crush to rest within,
From the heart-sickness and the din
Where Envy's voice at Virtue's pitch
Mocks you because your gown is rich;
And from the pale girl's dumb rebuke,
Whose ill-clad grace and toil-worn look
Proclaim the strength that keeps her weak
And other nights than yours bespeak;
And from the wise unchildish elf,
To schoolmate lesser than himself
Pointing you out, what thing you are:—
Yes, from the daily jeer and jar,
From shame and shame's outbraving too,
Is rest not sometimes sweet to you?
But most from the hatefulness of man,
Who spares not to end what he began,
Whose acts are ill and his speech ill,
Who, having used you at his will,
Thrusts you aside, as when I dine
I serve the dishes and the wine.

Why, Jenny, you're asleep at last!—
Asleep, poor Jenny, hard and fast,—
So young and soft and tired; so fair,
With chin thus nestled in your hair,
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue
As if some sky of dreams shone through!

Just as another woman sleeps!
Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps
Of doubt and horror,—what to say
Or think,—this awful secret sway,
The potter's power over the clay!
Of the same lump (it has been said)
For honor and dishonor made,
Two sister vessels. Here is one.

My cousin Nell is fond of fun,
And fond of dress, and change, and praise,
So mere a woman in her ways;

And if her sweet eyes rich in youth
Are like her lips that tell the truth,
My cousin Nell is fond of love.

Of the same lump (as it is said)
For honor and dishonor made,
Two sister vessels. Here is one.

It makes a goblin of the sun.

If but a woman's heart might see
Such erring heart unerringly
For once! But that can never be.

So on the wings of day decamps
My last night's frolic. Glimms begin
To shiver off as lights creep in
Past the gauze curtains half drawn-to.
And the lamp's doubled-shade grows blue,—
Your lamp, my Jenny, kept alight,
Like a wise virgin's all one night!
And in the alcove coolly spread
Glimmers with dawn your empty bed;
And yonder your fair face I see
Reflected, lying on my knee,
Where teems with first foreshadowings
Your pier-glass scrawled with diamond rings.

Let her sleep.
But will it wake her if I heap
These cushions thus beneath her head
Where my knee was? No,—there's your bed,
My Jenny, while you dream. And there
I lay among your golden hair
Perhaps the subject of your dreams,
These golden coins.

And must I mock you to the last,
Ashamed of my own shame,—aghast
Because some thoughts not born amiss
Rose at a poor fair face like this?
Well, of such thoughts so much I know:
In my life as in hers they show
By a far gleam which I may near,
A dark path I can strive to clear.

Only one kiss. Good-bye, my dear.

In the "Staff and Scrip," very beautiful
throughout, there are two or three stanzas
which have rarely been equalled. Take this:

Her eyes were like the wave within;
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

And this:

The lists are set in Heaven to-day,
The bright pavilions shine;
Fair hangs thy shield, and none gainsay;
The trumpets sound in sign
That she is thine.

But one must stop somewhere—though it is really hard to turn these pages and resist the temptation to copy more and more. The "Last Confession," "Dante at Verona," "Sister Helen," and "Stratton Water" are most noble poems, and so is "John of Tours."

"The Blessed Damozel," with which the volume opens, is perhaps the most delicate and impressive piece of *color* in it, and if we end with a glimpse of it, we shall not end badly.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meekly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this' earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Mad when they sang together.

On the whole, even the judgment of William Morris will probably seem extravagant to few intelligent readers of the best of these pieces: "*Nor do I know what lyrics of any time are to be called great, if we are to deny that title to these.*"

EDUCATION IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

By John W. Hoyt. Washington: Government Printing Office.

The author of this work—Dr. J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin—was one of the United States Commissioners to the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867; and this Report on Education is one which, as such Commissioner, it was his duty to prepare. His task was an important and laborious one, and the work bears evidence that it has been ably and conscientiously performed. The first of the five Parts of which the Report consists is a General Survey of Education, showing the extent of Educational representation at the Exposition, and the present condition of Education in the various countries of Europe and North and South America. The Second Part treats of Popular Education—under which the author includes lectures, lyceums, libraries, gymnasiums, schools for the destitute and vicious, schools for the idiotic, and the question of ventilation in school buildings and the necessity for improvement in our school architecture. Upon the latter point he says:

"After an examination of the school buildings on exhibition at the Exposition, the observations in many lands, and the collation of numerous reports on school interests, it is respectfully submitted that the buildings of this class do most lamentably fail of their proposed end. * * * The State of Illinois furnished for the Exposition a school-house which, in all respects of adaptation to school interests, was not only superior to other exhibits of its kind, particularly in respect of neatness and means of lighting and ventilating, but to the average of those I have found in any European country. It is also to be noted that the Commissioners through whose agency it was provided did not aim to present a school-house peculiar to their State, nor yet the ideal one of an American educator,—but a real one, such as might serve to show the average (this one a little superior) of those in actual use, as the 'cross-roads' and 'country school-house' of the Northern and Western States."

The third Part is upon Superior General Education, and is devoted chiefly to schools of letters, science, and art. The Fourth

Part, under the heading of Special Education, discusses industrial schools, applied science schools, commercial, naval, and military schools, polytechnic schools, schools of medicine, law, and theology, and normal schools. The Fifth Part treats of University Education, giving some account of the more noted universities of all countries; and the book closes with a chapter upon the leading tendencies of university education.

The above outline indicates, in a general way, the ground covered by this work; and we have only to add that the book abounds in interesting and valuable information in regard to the educational systems of all countries and the most famous schools and colleges of the world, and that the various and important educational questions therein discussed are treated in a broad and liberal spirit.

THE PRINCES OF ART: Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

In this neatly printed volume we have a series of pleasantly written and entertaining sketches of "the old masters" of painting, sculpture, and engraving. The book abounds in piquant anecdote, the criticisms are acute and terse, and the information given just of that kind which, though insufficient for the amateur, or any one who seeks a profound knowledge of the subjects discussed, every cultivated man should possess. The translation is unusually well done, being, so far as we have observed,

entirely free from Gallicisms—a virtue which is so rare as to merit notice. The book is illustrated with wood engravings.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE BOYS OF GRAND PRE SCHOOL. By the author of "The Dodge Club," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

A WRONG CONFESSED IS HALF REDRESSED. By Mrs. Bradley. Proverb Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. By Kate J. Neely. Proverb Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS. By Kate J. Neely. Proverb Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

THE LITTLE MAID OF OXBOW. By May Mannerling. The Helping-Hand Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

CHARLEY AND EVA ROBERTS' HOME IN THE WEST. Charley Roberts Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

LIFE AT HOME; or, The Family and its Members. By William Aikman, D.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

THE PINKS AND BLUES; or, The Orphan Asylum. By Rosa Abbott. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

THE PHILOTAXIAN GRAMMAR. By S. L. and Edward P. Howe. Chicago: John B. Alden & Co.

TRUCHSA GRONDIE: A Legendary Poem. By Levi Bishop. Published by the Author.

CHIT-CHAT.

THE BASE BALL BUSINESS.—“Admit the Bearer to Olympic Game” was the legend borne by a card possessed by the writer a few days ago. It was not a ticket to the Olympic Games of ancient Greece, as the reader may have understood me to hint; but as, of course, no one can be expected to write a screed upon Base Ball without going back to the Olympiads for his starting-point, I thought the legend, which referred to one of the Base Ball exhibitions of the period (in which simply an Eastern club called the Olympic was a party), furnished a suitable introduction for a few paragraphs—the purpose of which is to treat of the game of Base Ball as elevated (or degraded, as you may choose to consider it) into a Business.

When you and I, courteous reader, indulged in our noontime game of “two-old-cat,” twenty years or more ago, and admired the skill and courage with which Bill Hardy stood up behind the “knocker’s” club—(now-a-days it is the striker’s bat)—and picked out the swiftly-sent sphere from off the very stick itself, we little dreamed, even while admiring such prodigies of gaminess, that in a little time speculators would be making money by hiring such players to go about the country catching and knocking balls; and that Bill Hardy’s children would get their livelihood from the sweat of Bill’s brow in the captivating sport of ball-catching; still less did Bill, while inly condemning himself for devoting an occasional holiday to ball-playing when he might have earned seven or eight shillings by staying in the shop, dream that it would, after a while, be for somebody’s interest to pay him ten dollars a day, with five dollars for hotel bill and twice as much more for railroad fare, as a consideration for playing the same game in which he was then indulging with so much gusto!

Not he;—and yet this is only one of the metamorphoses which that arch iconoclast, Enterprise, is making every year, by converting sports, crimes, folly, talent, idiosyncrasy,—everything,—to the purposes of business. In this age we wonder at no accomplished facts; and accordingly we look on while professional batsmen and fielders go through a petty game of ball for money, with the same quiet complacency that characterizes us while we see this or that person sing, dance, recite Shakspeare, torture little children in the ring, or rack out his own life upon the trapeze,—for money.

It has been plain as a pikestaff for the past two or three years, that the American people have got the Base Ball fever. The public pulse has beat one hundred and twenty times to the minute, at the very least, on this subject, from May to October in each year. I am not a doctor diagnosing the disease, but simply an observer noting the fact. Indeed, I am not disposed to make the assertion that the fever *is* a disease—if that word must needs imply something hurtful. At any rate, not assuming to prescribe a cure for Base Ball, I am not called upon to trace the symptoms to their origin. It has been said that the game rests for its popularity—first, upon the desire of the Anglo-Saxon to arm himself with a stick and drive a small round body with it; and second, upon the desire of any other Anglo-Saxon who happens to be in the way, to stop this body, to deprive the other of his stick, and “bat” himself. This quaint explanation of the matter, together with the fact that the Anglo-Saxon located in America demands for *his* game something with frequent changes and without long waits on the part of anybody, is sufficient to account for the development of Base Ball to its present nearly-perfect status, and its

unprecedented popularity—absolutely unprecedented, I think, in the history of games, since little Cain and Abel had their first fisticuff, ere yet the embryonic murderer had learned to “strike foul.”

The process by which the present beautiful game of Base Ball has grown out of the primeval “two-old-cat” is very gradual and natural. The old-fashioned game of Base Ball, with an indefinite number of fielders and anything but uniform rules governing the succession of “sides,” number of tallies, etc., was the first step. Then followed others, until about sixteen years ago, when, for the first time, a fixed set of rules were adopted by two or more different clubs. These were the code of the Knickerbocker Club of New York, which has the credit of being the pioneer Base Ball club of the world. By another year another club had been generated, so that the Knickerbockers had an opportunity to fully test their mettle; but it was not until 1857 that anything was done about forming a national association and codifying the then recognized rules of the game, so as to enforce them in the case of matches. At the first “national” convention there were sixteen clubs represented, all from New York and Brooklyn! The organization of a national association was not perfected until 1858. Among the clubs forming the original association, we find that the Atlantics, Eckfords, and Mutuals, of New York and vicinity, so widely celebrated now-a-days, had a prominent position.

The way for important matches between clubs of different towns having been paved by the formation of a national Base Ball Players' Association, the interest in the game soon became so great that the formation of clubs made up more or less of professional players had to be accepted as a natural and inevitable consequence. It being an inherent principle in the Yankee bosom to *make money out of whatever has money in it*, the crack players of New York and Brooklyn and Philadelphia began to see that their services as catchers or pitchers or basemen of their respective “nines” possessed a commercial value, and that this value might as well be realized. Accordingly, salaries began to be paid—first

to the catcher, or pitcher, or both, and finally to other members of the “nine,” until the thing has culminated where so many other things do culminate—in Chicago; and the great Western metropolis, true to its fame as the home of enterprise, leads all other localities in the scheme of making a *Business of Base Ball*.

The reputation of the Atlantics, Athletics, Mutuals, and one or two other Base Ball nines, became national about four years ago, just as every town had got its crack Base Ball club in play, and each was sure that *its* nine could “knock the spots off” from any other nine, come from whence they might. Out of these facts grew the custom of “hippodroming” or “starring”—that is, a noted nine travelling about the country, playing exhibition games and sharing the gate-money with the local club. The visiting nine of course took the lion's share, and sometimes won not only glory but profit out of the excursion.

Of these crack nines, the only one hailing from the West was that from Cincinnati, which, starting out with the patronymic “Cincinnati,” soon became known everywhere as the “Red Stockings.” This club, organized as any other, employed two or three professional players and made starring tours. In 1867 the Red Stockings were but moderately successful, and the club was in debt at the end of the season. But in 1868 the boys got in the habit of beating all their competitors, and also became so famous that their gate-receipts were very large, and they found themselves, notwithstanding extraordinary expenses, about seven thousand dollars ahead in funds at the end of the season.

This was too much for Chicago to bear. She would not see her commercial rival on the Ohio bearing off the honors of the national game, especially when there was money to be made by beating her. So Chicago went to work;—and you must know that in Chicago the first thing to do toward any achievement is to form a stock company. In Chicago nobody builds a church, pickles a winter's stock of cucumbers, or starts a clothes-pin shop, without first forming a joint-stock company under the general statute. Accordingly, last

November a call was issued to those interested in seeing Chicago armed with a first-class Base Ball club to assemble and organize for the purpose. The stock company was the first step; then—where to get the players: for it happened to occur to some sagacious corporator that players, as well as stock certificates, were necessary to perfect success. The shares, however, were first disposed of—six hundred at twenty-five dollars each, fifteen thousand dollars in all; on which sixty per cent. was called in before the receipts began to tell against disbursements. Besides these six hundred shares, which are held by forty-eight different persons, there are one hundred and fifty honorary members, who pay ten dollars a year each and get a season ticket. Of the shares, a few were bestowed on an editor or two of two morning papers, to propitiate the sporting department of the untrammelled press. Then the Corresponding Secretary of the club inserted an advertisement in an Eastern sporting journal, offering lucrative engagements to first-rate Base Ball players, from whatever locality. This device did not work satisfactorily, however, and a well-known sporting man was sent East to negotiate for a complement of ball players—to “woo the nine,” as one might say. He visited Philadelphia and engaged one of the best fielders of the Athletic club; he swooped down on New York and bore away four of the Eckford players, including their greatly prized pitcher; he descended upon Troy and Lansingburgh, and captured from the famous Haymakers their great catcher and three other favorites. To secure these, and entice them westward, it became necessary to offer large salaries compared with those paid at the East. The catcher was to have twenty-five hundred dollars a season, as a consideration for keeping sober, refraining from ungentlemanly conduct, and catching the regulation ball two hours of an afternoon during the ball season; another man, for playing second base, maintaining a dignified demeanor and acting as captain of the nine, was to receive two thousand dollars for the season; while the remainder were allowed fifteen hundred dollars each, all necessary expenses while on the wing being, of course, paid from the company's funds.

The nine went into the field with very little practice; but that little availed them to dispose effectually of the third and fourth rate clubs which they met during their first trip to New Orleans and back. Proceeding Eastward after a little, they met a very different fate. Their pitcher soon became disabled by an accident; their “centre field” went into hospital with hæmorrhage of the lungs; the boys got demoralized and out of condition, and several disgraceful defeats met them at New York and Philadelphia. Returning home *minus* the two players mentioned, they encountered another series of reverses, which put them in as bad plight with the public as McMahon's army at Sedan. The amateur and so-called second-rate clubs whom they had beaten, came back to Chicago and whipped the little remaining conceit out of the “fifteen thousand dollar nine;” and a few days ago (September first) there was scarcely any, even in Chicago, so charitable as to speak a word of praise for the skill or valor of our champions in the chalked field. But of late the prospects have greatly improved. The invalid artists of the sphere and willow have recovered, and the club has already beaten the champions of the nation at one game and their special rivals at Cincinnati in another, and hopes are sanguine concerning their success in the future. The company is already making arrangements to render its playing nine the best in the country, which will need but two or three changes, and will soon lay out the campaign for the season of 1871.

And it must be understood, all the while, that the artistic failure of the season has not at all interfered with Base Ball as a Business. The club gained notoriety, first, from its pretensions, and afterwards from its failures, and the abuse heaped upon it by its avowed friends as well as by the jealous partisans of other organizations. This notoriety has served to bring good round receipts at the gate, and the treasurer has never lacked for funds. The prospects are that the season will be financially a success. If so, Chicago can lay that satisfying unction to her soul, and rest content; for the Dollar question is the chief question which any subject or situation

presents to Chicago. If the cash balance is correct, the rest will do.

The Chicago nine—or the “White Stockings,” as they are popularly known—is the only prominent nine hired absolutely for fixed salaries; and the club proper, or company, the only one founded in the manner described. The Cincinnati or “Red Stockings” club has now, I believe, a charter of incorporation; but it is much more of a club and less of a corporation. It devotes the profits of its starring tours to the adornment of its club rooms, etc., and does not declare dividends out and out, as the Chicago club intends doing. One of the Cincinnati playing nine is a broker in good business at home. Of the noted Eastern clubs, the Mutual is an old organization, of a social sort, with New York aldermen enough in it to give it a decided political character. The playing nine have an interest, greater or less, according to the merit of the player, in the receipts of each season. The same is the case with the Atlantics.

To appreciate the importance of Base Ball as a Business, one has but to visit Dexter Park in Chicago, or the Capitoline grounds at Brooklyn, on the occasion of an important match game. Say it is Dexter Park. Two or three extra trains are run on each of the two railroads leading from the city to the Park. Each train is packed like a train of cattle-cars. Besides this, the street cars and every accessible buggy and barouche in town are brought into requisition, and the thoroughfares leading to the Park are the scene of a continuous caravan of vehicles and dust. The receipts at the gate often reach several thousand dollars. Those at the match between the Chicagos and the Forest Cities at Dexter Park in June exceeded five thousand dollars; and those at the match between the Chicagos and Atlantics, at New York on the Fourth of July, were still larger—the Chicago party taking fourteen hundred and fifty dollars as their quarter share.

The immense audience disposed, for the most part, on the seats of the “grand stand,” a favored hundred or two in the cool piazzas and balconies of the Club House; an adventurous Gideon’s band, mostly made up of sports, amateur and

professional, congregating in front of the Club House, a score of reporters thrown out, like a company of skirmishers, well into the field, and the remainder of the throng scattered promiscuously about the skirts of the field, in carriages or otherwise,—the game commences. If it happens to run pretty evenly, or even if the score is kept down to a low figure, the interest of the crowd is intense. Every good play of any member on either side is hailed with huzzas, partly from amateurs who admire the feat, but chiefly from betters who have put money on the players’ side. At the end of each inning the ears of those in the vicinity of the Club House are saluted with all sorts of propositions for wagers. A stolid-looking fellow with a big neck wants to “go another fifty” on the Ultramarines. A small individual with a sharp nose, a quid of tobacco, and a pocket-handkerchief tied about his neck, desires to hazard a hundred dollars that the Pea Greens do n’t make three more runs. A terribly excited young man, who has evidently had some training at grain-gambling but little at field sports, announces, in a voice quivering with excitement, his willingness to hazard ten to fifteen on the Pea Greens. Anon somebody makes a proposition which is received with a general hoot and a suggestion to “soak your head.” The same demonstrations occur, in a less degree, in other parts of the Park. In fact, two-thirds of the persons in the vast throng have money or hats—which unfortunately cost money,—hazarded on the game, and every heart is beating high for the deciding event. It seems as if each of those ten thousand hearts had received the pulsation and momentum of all the others. At length the game is over. Those who went purely to see the sport have enjoyed without distraction a fair exhibition of manly skill and strength, and just a healthy degree of excitement. Those who foolishly put their means at hazard have had too much anxiety for enjoyment, and come away glowing or gloomy, according to their luck.

What is the future of the game in America? Is it to go backward or forward? Well, it can hardly absorb any more of the public interest than it has done for the past

year or two; so that it can hardly go forward in that respect. It will, however, improve as an *art*, so that even the most skilful games of to-day will seem clumsy and awkward a few years hence. The improvement will be, however, chiefly in the country, where the game really belongs, and where it will be the most beneficent, because used more as an exercise and pure amusement, and less as a business. Indeed, we should say the perpetuity of the game as a respectable public amusement—something which our people usually lack—depends upon the keeping out of the sporting (*i. e.* speculating) element. Base Ball is in its nature, for men and boys, the best out-door sport ever invented; but to secure the full measure of its success and usefulness, let our young men pursue it as an amusement and exercise—and not as a business.

—“How in the world does it happen that you Americans take such interest in a European war?” asked an English lady, a few days since, who had been in this country scarcely a year. “Why,” she continued, “you take sides and have sympathies as if it concerned you directly. We did not feel any such interest in your war, I can tell you; indeed, we scarcely heard the details of it where I was.”

If it were not for the sake of American gallantry—the reputation for which it is quite as necessary to sustain as it is to vindicate national characteristics,—this intended rebuke might have been met with an explicit and candid explanation, which would scarcely have been pleasant to the lady with a suspicion of an aspirate where an *h* should not be, and scarcely an *h* where an aspirate should be. There are reasons why Americans should evince a strong interest in such a war as that between France and Prussia, which did not perhaps exist in England with reference to our own civil war. In the first place, there is a sentiment of humanity among the American people, when there is wholesale bloodshed for the gratification of royal ambition, which was scarcely developed in England even in a struggle for the extension and preservation of free government. In the

second place, the cosmopolitan character of our population is such that traditional and family affections have entered into the feeling with which the war has been contemplated on this side of the Atlantic. Brothers and sons and husbands and lovers have been cut down, as in our own war, and the catastrophe has been brought near to many hearts. In the third place, it has been the cherished dream of America to witness the enfranchisement of the European peoples, to which the advance of civilization has seemed to bring a nearer realization; and American sympathies have curiously vibrated from one side to the other, following the developments of freedom and justice. When we remember that England has felt nothing but commercial concern in the latest half dozen wars of the world, these reasons will be sufficient to account for the English lady's failure to explain the apparent anomaly of the American sentiment.

But the general interest in the Franco-Prussian war, extending to all classes of people in this country, finds its source in the greater general intelligence of the American people, and the respect for this intelligence which has been exhibited by the American newspaper press. The Americans are a reading people, and know more of the geography, the condition, and the relations of the European nations than the Europeans know of our country. The newspaper managers have divined this, and have proved themselves equal to the enterprise and liberality that were demanded, giving instances of both that are entirely unparalleled in the history of journalism. Thousands of dollars a day have been expended by a single journal in the collection and transmission of news from the seat of war; and, indeed, so thorough and exhaustive have these reports been, that they have been telegraphed back to the European cities to supply the deficiencies of their meagre efforts at obtaining the news. The American people have been quick to recognize this enterprise, and it is not strange that the circulation of the most prominent journals should have increased ten thousand, and even twenty thousand, in a few weeks.

—GOETHE says that it should be one of the objects of our life to see a beautiful picture, read a beautiful poem, and hear some beautiful music every day. *Lamartine*—whose life, as he himself says, was a poem—touched the same chord, when he wrote: "*Dieu, Amour et Poésie sont les trois mots que je voudrais seuls graver sur ma pierre, si je mérite jamais une pierre.*" The German and the French people perpetuate this sentiment of the ideal, each after its own fashion,—the former quite practically and the latter with a good deal of sentimentality,—but there would seem to be something in the Anglo-Saxon composition that combats the love and cultivation of the beautiful. This "something" has been intensified by Americans, until even pleasure-seeking is done in a business-like way, condensed into the shortest possible space of time, and positively disagreeable in its periodical characteristic. We are a people always with a future, rarely with a past, but never with a present.

—How it makes one's mouth water at this season—especially if he is not overstocked with greenbacks—to look into a Chicago fruit-shop! What an exhaustless variety—what beauty as well as luxury—in the good things which Mother Earth pours forth for her children from her horn of plenty! Here are apples with their brown and red cheeks, as if they had been kissed by the sun; pears, swelling downwards, and looking as if they would melt in the mouth; clustering grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine; the peach, full of juice, and whose red or yellow leathern coat strips off so finely; damsons, ready to burst their skins; lemons, suggestive of cooling drinks; the swelling pomp of melons; the cocoa-nut, reminding one of some men, that are rough outside, but at heart full of the milk of human kindness; the walnut with convolutions like the human brain; almonds, suggestive of philopenas; figs, raisins, and, in fine,

"Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk or
shell."

The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott says, is "no inelegant pleasure;" but for ladies, at least, there is something far more graceful and suitable, to say nothing of the delicious, in choosing the natural fruit with its rosy lips and red cheek. A white hand looks better filled with plums, or conveying strawberries to the mouth, than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. But the subject requires a more poetic treatment than we can give it; listen, therefore, to old Fletcher's strain, as he addresses some fair visitor on this theme. How these poets—especially those of "good Queen Bess's" time, double every delight with their odd, pleasing fancies and their music!—

"Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus;—nuts more brown
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them!
For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to climb;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.
Till when humbly leave I take
Lest the great Pan do awake
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade."

—SINCE the publication of the preceding number of this magazine, events of the gravest interest and import have taken place in Europe. It is one of the marvels of the time that a history of these events has been spread before the intelligent public of America, by the daily press, almost exactly contemporaneous with the events themselves. This history is not free from mistakes, any more than ponderous historical tomes are without mistakes; but it is lively, graphic, and two-sided. If the cable is not infallible, it is at least impartial. It relates the victories of the Germans and the commotions of the French with equal fulness. So that it is undoubtedly true that

nearly all the people of the United States are better informed in respect to the war now raging than any people are informed in respect to the campaigns of him of whom John Wilson said: "But now, God pity us, he sleeps sound beneath a thousand weight of granite, and shame on the mortal who dares deny that he was the greatest man of the last thousand years!"

Can the French Republic avail against the conquering Germans better than the Empire? Most certainly it can. Whether it will, is another question, and more difficult to answer. Results do not always accompany capacity. It is to be observed in respect to the provisional government that it embraces some of the best minds of the age; men of profound genius and of practical tact. There is more statesman-like ability among the men now constituting the provisional government of France, and heartily sustaining it, than have been grouped together in a single nation since John Hancock signed his name to the Declaration of Independence. They may not be able to prevent the Germans from entering Paris and dictating peace. If not, the Empire is to blame, not the Republic. But that they will be able to reconstruct the French nationality, enabling it to become, through free institutions, greater than ever before, we may, considering their ability and the recognized intelligence of the French people in cities, with some confidence trust.

If such shall be the result of the war for France—and we care not whether the result occur next month or next decade—it will not have been fought in vain. As for Germany, it is shown to be the grandest military power of history. It pulverized the military power of the French Empire in a few weeks. It formerly took all Europe many years to do a similar thing. The ambition of Germany is naturally, therefore, of a military character. That herein lies probable danger to liberty, and a possible retardation of the cause of democracy in Europe, cannot be denied. But it must not be forgotten that behind the military power of Germany is a thinking, manly, heroic nation. But for this, we might well fear that the most threaten-

ing enemy of mankind now known is the needle-gun. It cannot be long till we shall know whether cool reason or cold steel is to have, for a season, supreme power.

—AN able critic in an American magazine, in reviewing the works of an accomplished author, makes some excellent remarks on that sensationalism of style, which is the besetting sin of periodical literature at this day. Of course there is no sin more unpardonable than dullness; but in order to avoid being drowsy, it is not necessary that our "good Homers" should be always electrifying us with a savage intensity of expression. There is nothing of which a reader tires so soon as of a continual blaze of brilliant periods—a style in which a "*qu'il mourut*" and a "let there be light" are crowded into every line. On the other hand, there is nothing which adds so much to the beauty of style as contrast. Where all men are giants, there are no giants; where all is emphatic in style, there is no emphasis. Travel a few months among the mountains, and you will grow as sick of the everlasting monotony of grandeur—of beetling cliffs and yawning chasms—as of an eternal succession of plains. Yet in defiance of this obvious truth, the sensational writer thinks the reader will vote him dull unless every sentence blazes with meaning, and every paragraph is crammed with power. His intellect is always armed *cap-à-pie*, and every passage is an approved attitude of mental *carte* and *tierce*. If he were able to create a world, there would probably be no latent heat in it, and no twilight; and should he drop his pen and turn painter, his pictures would all be foreground, with no more perspective than those of the Chinese. Of many an author it might be justly said as of the one above referred to by his critic,—“strong and precise as his diction always is, if it were less steely, if the movement of his thoughts were less military and more flowing, it would be much more pleasing to read, and by not making so great a demand for microscopic attention, would convey more to ordinary thinkers.”

—THE great popular success which has attended Mr. Edwin Booth's recent engagement in Chicago is one of the most gratifying and encouraging developments in the local dramatic world that we have had occasion to note within a year. There needed some such episode to deter us from joining the army of dramatic Jeremiahs to weep over the downfall of the stage. As the most prominent man in his profession, as the builder and manager of what is conceded to be the most perfect theatre in the world, and as an actor whose native "divine fire" and serious application have combined to lift him to his present eminence, he may properly be regarded as the representative, *par excellence*, of the legitimate drama; and we are eager to believe that the homage which has been paid him has been given at the same time to the true art which he represents. During four weeks, and in a series of characters that included Hamlet, Richelieu, Iago, Sir Giles Overreach, Richard III., Shylock, Macbeth, Brutus, King Lear, and Benedick, Mr. Booth has played to overcrowded houses, with a pretty sure indication that he could have continued four weeks, perhaps eight weeks, longer with similar success. The audiences, too, were of that readily recognized intelligence and social brilliancy that are seen too little in our theatres now-a-days,—a circumstance which would teach us that they have not deserted the drama of their own free will, but that they have rather been driven from it by the reckless innovations of managers who have thought more of their pockets than of their profession. It is a matter of congratulation, and a basis of hope, to know that this wealth and this intelligence will return to the theatre when the theatre shall return to its true character and dignity.

It is not within the province of this department to enter upon any general criticism or review of Mr. Booth's acting, but there are two or three points connected with his appearance in Chicago which should be noted.

One of these is the important and significant circumstance that Mr. Booth improves steadily in his portraiture. Genius may come by inheritance, and Mr. Edwin

Booth has probably benefitted by the greatness of his father; but it is the devotion of life, which is so short, to art, which is so long, that alone can conduct to eminence in the dramatic profession. It is Mr. Booth's studious habits of late years, his serious application to all branches of his profession, his constant effort to attain something higher and nearer perfection which accounts for this marked improvement. There is a lesson in all this which actors will do well to study. Too many of them are content to rest upon their native ability, and they fall into careless habits that are fatal to great and lasting success. We can recall a number of these — Mr. Edwin Adams, Mr. E. L. Davenport, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Mr. Frank Mayo, and Mrs. Bowers, among others—who are as gifted naturally as Mr. Booth or Madame Ristori; but it is the failure to appreciate the power of study, together with the mistake of setting too great a store upon their natural gifts, that has kept them back. It may not be generally known, but it is none the less true, that when Mr. Booth began his career at the bottom of the ladder, he was what is known to the theatrical profession as a "guy;" he was laughed at by the majority of professionals and critics, and seriously advised by his friends to abandon all thoughts of the stage. He is, then, a living embodiment of what perseverance and application may accomplish, and his example should not be neglected.

Another point worthy of note is that the critics have failed to improve their opportunities during the recent engagement here. It is true that Mr. Booth had already played his series of leading characters on two former occasions, and that a great deal had been written about him and his impersonations. Yet, at a time when the degeneracy of the theatres was a topic of universal remark, his appearance should have been the signal for prominent notice of the change for the better and the hopeful indications in public sentiment. Booth's improvement, too, should have been the theme of elaborate criticism, for it is of a delicate and insinuating nature that frequently baffles public discernment, unless

aided by the clear expression of experience and familiar criticism. It would have been interesting to show how and wherein Mr. Booth acts Richard III. better than Macbeth, Hamlet better than Othello, Iago better than Shylock, Richelieu better than Romeo, Don Caesar better than Benedick; and to trace the peculiar evidences of study, the striking results of research, and the remodelling of character. It is too common a mistake among the critics to assume criticism to mean fault-finding; and we cannot but think that they have missed an occasion in which they could have done the profession great good and could have furnished the public with a series of entertaining articles.

Another notable circumstance in Mr. Booth's engagement was the passiveness of the immense audiences which received him. Very slight applause, by way of recognition, when the actor first came upon the stage, and occasional spasmodic enthusiasm throughout some of his more exciting personations, were noticed; but, as a rule, the dense crowds were as cold, and, apparently, unimpressible, as if they were listening to a dull sermon. Of course, this was not indicative of apathy or want of interest, for the same people went repeatedly, and showed spirit enough in their rush for seats to attest the enthusiasm which was so dreadfully wanting at the performances. This characteristic of Chicago audiences is rather that of habit—to be noticed equally in the New York audiences, when Mr. Booth played his Hamlet one hundred nights in succession—and, we believe, a very bad habit. Applause is as necessary to the actor as bread is to a hungry man. He becomes despondent without it, and cannot do himself, his character, or his audience full justice. The need of this encouragement was well illustrated by Burton one night when playing Atinidab Sleek to a crowded but callous audience. The great and favorite comedian was so much annoyed by the cold reception of his efforts to please, that he finally stepped to the front, and exclaimed in harrowing tones: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not ask you to laugh,—but, for God's sake, don't cry!"

Applause may not be so essential to the tragedian as laughter is to the comedian; but both have a right, founded in custom as well as in nature, to expect some sign of appreciation as an encouragement to new effort.

—THE development of the Western country is progressing admirably. There have been many evidences of this in late years which could be neglected with some excuse,—such as the metropolitan growth of our large cities, the network of great railroads, the creation of ports of entry,—but now there is one that none can afford to overlook. The West is to have a summer resort, a fashionable watering-place of its own. So long as the Western *élite*—which, in America, means a class of people who have more money than they know what to do with—were forced to seek fashionable consolation for summer dreariness at Newport, Long Branch, and Saratoga, our dependence upon the East was notorious and not to be denied. But now that enough good sense has cropped out among the Western fashionables to appreciate the beauty of a chain of lakes, and picturesque woods, and delightful rides, and cool retreats even in Wisconsin, there should be a new declaration of independence for our especial benefit. Even the name of the resort—Oconomowoc—is Western, and we may hope that our Eastern cousins will never learn how to pronounce it.

—THERE is probably no one who has attained that age of discretion which distinguishes between humor and a pun, but has wondered where in the world all the floating newspaper jokes come from. If one whose memory could find no better employment should keep an account of them, it would probably be discovered that the same good old jokes which we have laughed at in our youth come around to cheer us in our old age. We have heard of an English clergyman who provided himself with a large batch of sermons and made a practice of throwing them into a barrel as he used them. When the last was reached, he would simply turn the bar-

rel upside down and begin over again. We suspect that the newspaper jokes, the "Witty Paragraphs", the "Humors of the Day", the "Splinters", the "Trifles", the "Waifs", etc., take much the same course, and return with a regularity that would honor a better cause. We take ours from the French, the English, and the Germans, and these people take theirs from us and from each other,—and so they go on forever. As Isaac Watts says:

"Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

—THERE seems to be of late a remarkable mortality among the great heroes of the War of the Rebellion. It is but a few weeks since the death of the noble General Thomas occurred, bringing with it a sense of personal bereavement to every heart. More recently, that of the gallant Farragut caused universal sorrow throughout the country. And now the news of the death of General Robert E. Lee will cause a profound sensation throughout the world. This man will be remembered as no less remarkable for his military talent and achievements—ranking him as one of the greatest captains of any age—than for his personal worth and his exalted private character. Probably no man, in station high or low, came out of the war with a personal reputation more unblemished than his. He was the leading genius, the soul, the guiding spirit, of the Confederate cause; while none other of the leaders in that cause commanded the respect of the soldiers of the Union as did he. Upon the question of his guilt in making war upon his country, now that he is dead, let silence rest; but no one will be ungenerous enough to deny the unselfishness of his motives, the purity of his character, or his heroic devotion to a cause which he conscientiously believed it to be his duty to espouse.

—ONE of Alfred de Musset's poetical heroines finds reason to congratulate herself because she has only one dress in the world. The cause of the congratulation is obvious—the dress cannot be pawned. The Flora McFlimsies might find consolation in the same condition of things, for they would then always have something to wear.

—WHY is it that the American people must always rush to extremes in everything—that they can never hit the happy medium in anything to which they apply themselves? A few years ago we neglected physical exercise; and now, having discovered our mistake, we fly to the opposite extreme—make hard, exhausting work of our very sports, and strain our muscles to their utmost tension by feats of walking and running, or the lifting of heavy weights, as if the end of exercise were not a general improvement of the physical system, but a display of muscular power. The man who "astonishes the natives" by his feats with bars and ladders and trapezes, looks down upon the man who is content to take daily his simple "constitutional" as a being almost of an inferior species—with a contempt only equalled by that of a laureate for a penniless poet or a star actor for a "stick" at McVicker's. Walking, we seem to think, is nothing, unless we climb the dizzy heights of Washington or Mansfield, or travel a hundred miles in a hundred hours; boating amounts to nothing, unless we nearly burst a blood vessel; and base-ball is nothing, unless we go mad with excitement on the subject, and the whole land is covered with clubs that affiliate, and compete, and work with all the zeal of political champions.

All this strikes us as very foolish. We live in an age of snobbery and brag, and there is a general tendency to despise any pursuit which has not cost a mint of money, or consumed a large amount of energy, or which does not somehow stand out in a signal and boastful manner. Because physical vigor is a good thing, it does not follow that one must have the digestion of an ostrich, the strength of an ox, or the lungs of a race-horse. Many a fool has had nerves of iron and muscles of steel; a man may "tub" daily, and yet have a filthy imagination; and though good "pegs" are a blessing, the ability to walk seventy miles a day does not imply the ability to do any useful work well. There is a limit beyond which too much is as bad as too little exercise. The kind of training to which many Americans subject themselves may give them temporarily superior physical power over their fellows, but it will be

at the expense of their brains—by a large sacrifice of intellectual power; and it is a superiority for which they will pay in middle age with stiffened sinews and rheumatic joints, compelling them to hobble about like broken-down canal-horses.

—ADVERTISEMENTS are frequently more ingenious than ingenious. Here is a specimen:

MRS. EDWARDS.—MOTHER, I AM LOST.
You will find me at Eastern Hotel, New York.
EMMA EDWARDS.

It used to be the practice, in primitive village life, to send the town-crier with the town bell to look up the lost children, but the new order of things places the child in a position to coolly announce her situation in the newspapers and call for relief. Yet the apparent contradiction is fully justified by the necessity for advertising the "Eastern Hotel."

—MR. CRAIG, George Eliot's infallible gardener, having made a mistake in one of his weather-wise prophecies, pooh-poohs at the "almanack's" exceptional accuracy. "The weather," he says, "is one o' them chancy things as fools thrive on." But the past season would have puzzled both Mr. Craig and his "almanacks," we think. What with the astronomers and their new theories, the very practical caloric which has extended into the fall season, and the exchange of climates between St. Paul and New Orleans, the almanac-makers for next year will probably acquiesce in Mr. Craig's aphorism.

—THE opinion has come to be almost universal among those best qualified to judge, that Chicago is destined to be in the future—and that at a time not far distant—a great literary and publishing, no less than a commercial, centre. Few persons—with the exception of Eastern publishers and Western booksellers—have an adequate idea of the great number of books and periodicals sold in the West. The wholesale book-trade of Chicago is enormous, and has developed a number of book-houses of immense proportions and superb appointments. There are no finer book-stores elsewhere in the world than in Chicago. But while the West has thus

constituted the market, it has not hitherto to any great extent constituted the manufactory, of books. If any Western author has sought to produce a book, he has resorted to New York or Boston for a publisher as well as printer; and this on account of lack of proper facilities at home. Only ten years ago, one of our earliest publishing firms, wishing to bring out a small volume, found that neither stereotyping nor binding could be done in Chicago, and was obliged to send the manuscript East to be converted into a book. During these ten years, however, remarkable improvements have been made in the mechanical parts of book-making. Type-foundries, for the manufacture of all kinds of type and material, have been established; presses are now manufactured here; electrotype and stereotype foundries abound; book-binders have perfected themselves in the finer branches of their art;—and, with these facilities, some of our leading printing-houses, animated with a commendable ambition to elevate the standard of their art, have produced books—such as Foster's "Mississippi Valley"—whose beautiful and faultless typography has received universal compliment, not only in this country but abroad. There has also just been issued an edition of the Speeches of Lord Erskine, consisting of four octavo volumes of five hundred pages each—printed entirely at home—which has been acknowledged to be the best executed edition of Erskine's Speeches ever produced.

So much for our mechanical facilities for book-making at home. Have we the people to write the books? When THE WESTERN MONTHLY was started, two years ago, there were not wanting the usual owl-like oracles, who predicted that it could not live—that the necessary writers for a literary magazine could not be procured at home. But, starting from a somewhat humble beginning, it has gone on and overcome obstacle after obstacle—rising at last from the ashes of its material desolation in the great fire of September fourth, to the new estate of which the present number is the type. In its career, it has developed a corps of writers who, although mainly without previous maga-

zine experience, have shown a versatility and a capacity for magazine writing which furnish the best answer to the query. In many respects, Chicago has the accessories of a literary centre. Its two universities—those of Chicago and Evanston;—its law schools; its five medical schools; its divinity schools—of which there are already four, with two more in prospect; all these educational institutions, numbering among their professors men of attainments and culture—together with a daily press unexcelled in ability by that of any city in the country, and comprising in its editorial force writers of marked talent and brilliancy—lend their powerful influence in this direction. In fact, many more books are even now produced by Western authors than is generally supposed; but they are smuggled off into some Eastern publishing-house—and thus the West loses the credit of their production. Most of our readers would be astonished were we to give the list of books produced by Western writers or publishers within the last two or three years. While it is undoubtedly true that the East will continue to send books to the West, it is no less true that the time will come when Western books will find a sale in the Eastern market.

Animated by these convictions, and with an intelligent conception of the situation, a company has just been formed in Chicago, by some well-known business and literary men, with a view to carrying on the business of publishing and printing upon a

scale hitherto unknown in the West. The finest and most extensive printing-house in Chicago—that of Messrs. Church, Goodman & Donnelley, whose reputation as superior printers has already gone throughout the country—forms the nucleus of the new combination; and Mr. R. R. Donnelley will be the superintendent of the mechanical department of the new establishment. It is designed to carry on the business of printing in all its branches, electrotyping and stereotyping, and book-binding; and all the best and most improved machinery and material will be added to that already possessed. Besides the business of printing, the company proposes to do a general miscellaneous publishing business. *THE WESTERN MONTHLY* becomes a part of the new organization, and will be its literary organ, as "Harper's Magazine" is of the great publishing-house of Harper Brothers, of New York. The magazine remains, however, under the same management which has conducted it from the commencement. The company has a capital stock of \$500,000; and it is proposed to erect, during the next year, a building specially for its business. The field is certainly open, and the new enterprise has in its organization the elements of success. What the house of Harper Brothers is to New York, Lippincott & Co. to Philadelphia, and Fields, Osgood & Co. to Boston, it is proposed to make "THE LAKE-SIDE PUBLISHING AND PRINTING COMPANY" to Chicago.